The Saturday Review of Literature

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THE MARK TWAIN PAPERS *By Bernard DeVoto*

WITH A SELECTION FROM MARK TWAIN'S UNPUBLISHED "OUTLINES OF HISTORY"

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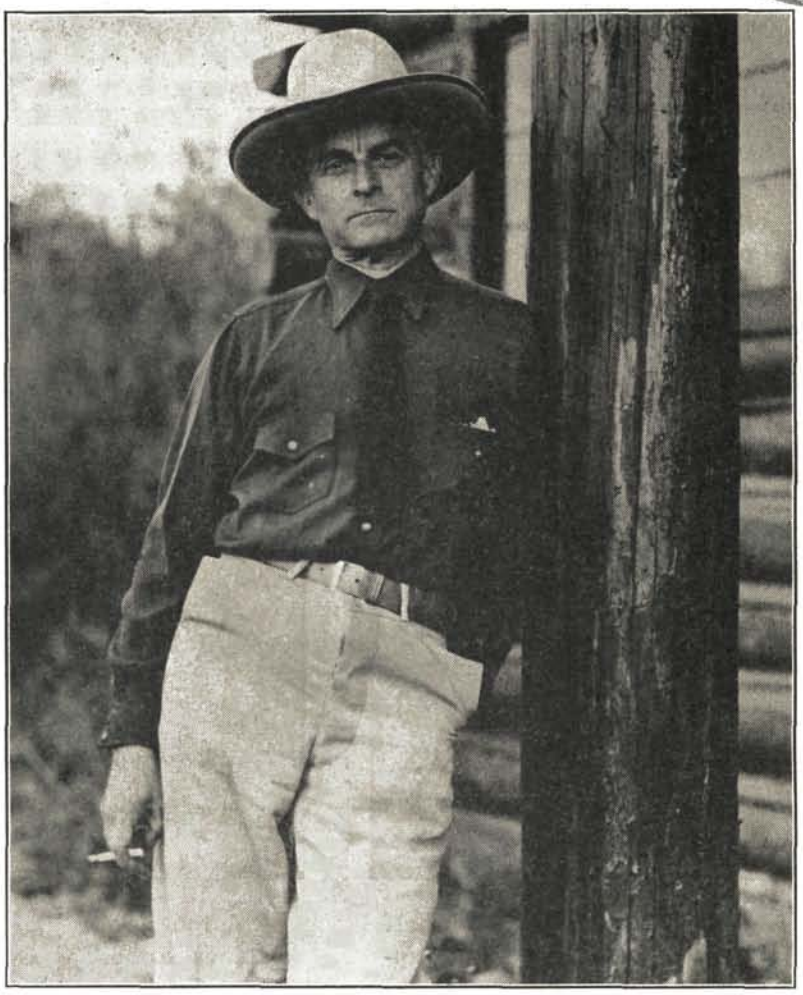

STRUTHERS BURT

"Mr. Burt's book is really a tale of all American frontiers"

. . . *(See page 5)*

JOHN P. MARQUAND *By Constance M. Fiske*

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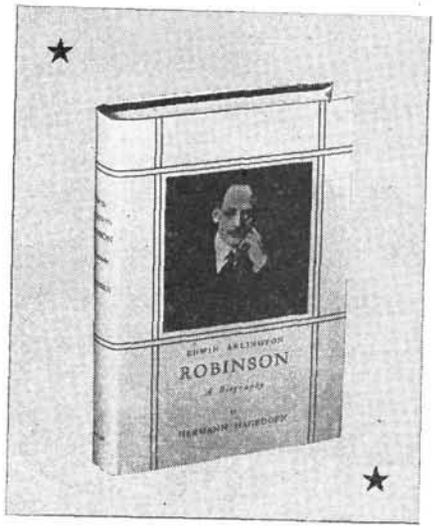
★ AN ALL-STAR SELECTION ★

From the Choicest Books of the Season



"The story of his life could not have fallen into happier hands . . . the doubly vivid portrait of a remarkable man."
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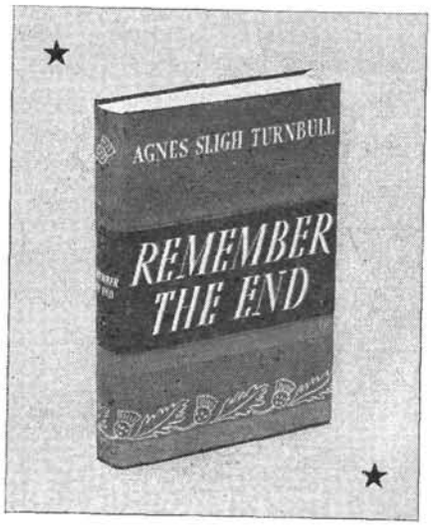
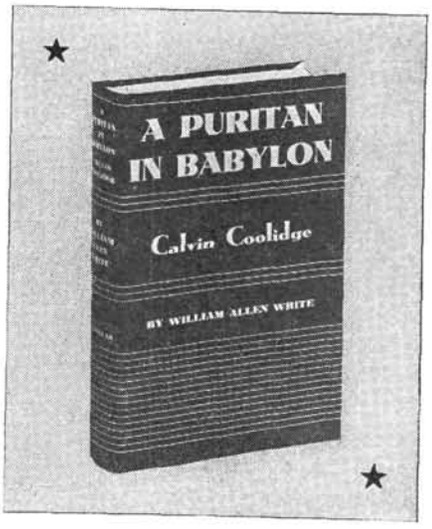


A thoroughly absorbing novel. "She paints a vivid picture of western Pennsylvania as the mines scarred the hills."
$2.50 *N. Y. Herald Trib.*



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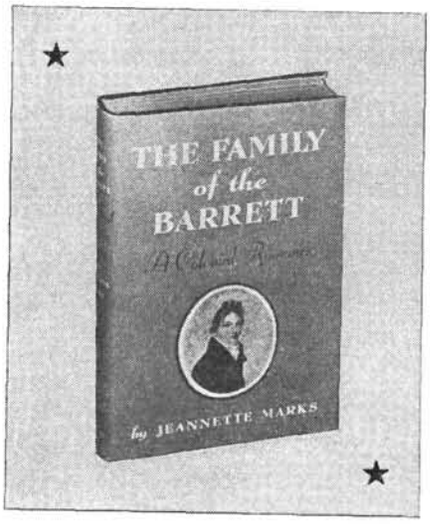
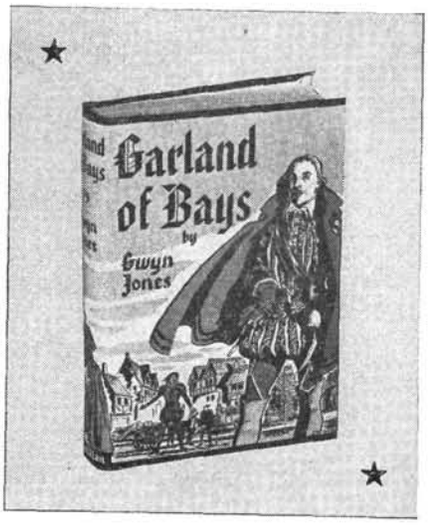


"More enthralling than half the novels. . . . There are chapters which for excitement rival 'Anthony Adverse.'"
$5.00 *New York Times*



"A red-blooded novel which catches Robert Greene, Marlowe, Nash and others with startling reality."
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"I have read few more intriguing novels. Rachel Field is an artist of whom a country should be proud."
$2.50 *Mary Ellen Chase*

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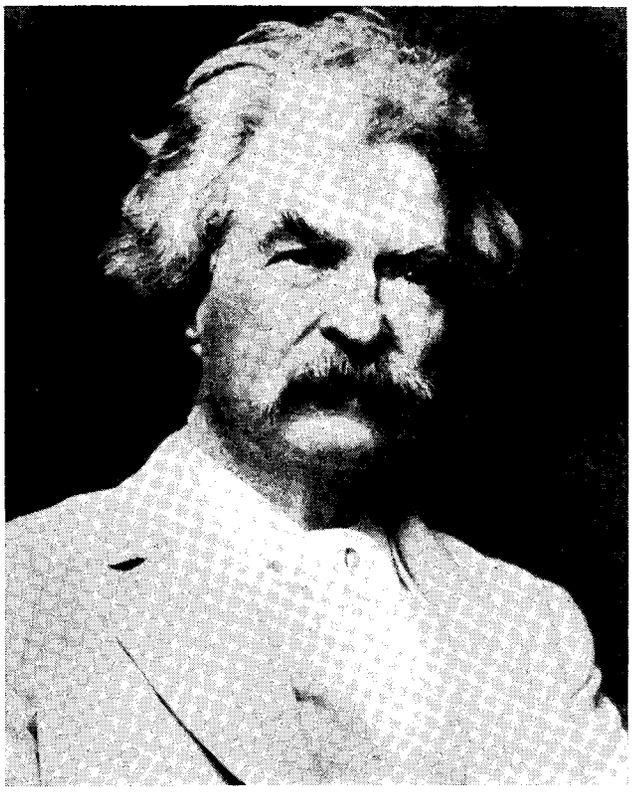
The Mark Twain Papers

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

STUDENTS have long known that the papers in the possession of the Mark Twain Estate constitute the largest bulk of unpublished material by any first-rank American author, and some of us have guessed that it is also the most important. The decision of the Estate to publish some of it and open the rest to critical study is important literary news and would, in any event, justify a public accounting. Such a report has become all the more necessary, however, because the announcement that I am to bring out some of the unpublished material has produced a crop of fantastic rumors, some of which have got into print and all of which it is desirable to hose down with the facts before they get out of hand.



Mark Twain: his unpublished papers "cover all periods of his life, clear back to his years on the Mississippi and in Nevada."

Take a recent bellyache from the Middle West as representative of much irresponsible talk that costs me seven and a half cents a clipping. Rising in the public interest, a writer out there denounces the proposed publication of more Mark Twain material as a species of green-goods game. The proposed publication means, he says, that

> doubtless there will be no break in the flow of dividends for the stockholders in the [Estate] corporation. . . . The items have to be doled out judiciously if Mark Twain's literary ghost is to be kept alive at a profit. . . . Those who are interested in literature can be fairly certain that nearly all of the unpublished items are hardly worth publishing anyway. Presumably if they had been worth publishing in the first place Mark Twain would have published them during his lifetime. They probably have little more than curiosity value.

Like some others who have written about Mark Twain, this gentleman has not seen any of the material he passes judgment on. He finds the problems of editing the papers much easier than I do, who have got to edit them. Observe how simple it is when you know nothing about it. No manuscripts that might have been withheld from publication for reasons no longer operative. None that might have been withheld for a specified time now elapsed. None that Mark Twain or his literary executor might have been mistaken about. None that the millions who read Mark Twain and the hundreds who study and collect him might be interested in. Just some cold leftovers which the Estate hopes to pass off on the victims as a banquet.

It looks otherwise from the inside. Late last winter I was asked by the Mark Twain Estate to examine the material in its possession. Albert Bigelow Paine was dead. He had been the literary executor and the Estate had always accepted his judgment but a number of people, I among them, had publicly impugned it. Had Mr. Paine's judgment, in fact, been faulty? What would a generation later than his make of the unpublished material? Ought some of it to be published? What was the proper thing to do with the rest of it? Those were the questions which the Estate asked when it opened the papers to me. Harpers, who publish Mark Twain, had a lively and no doubt commercial hope that, as a result of my examination, they might get one new book.

Working under pressure and ignoring forty-odd notebooks and several baskets of fragments, I read through the material in three months. I made three recommendations: that three volumes be published for the general trade and one or more volumes for students and collectors; that the job of arranging the papers, which I was appalled to discover had hardly been begun, be completed; and that arrangements be made to open the material to serious and properly qualified scholars. In June the Estate, Harpers, and I had a formal conference on my report. It was decided not to act on my third recommendation until the other two had been carried out. I was empowered to carry them out: to prepare several volumes (it is not yet certain how many) for the press, and to arrange, catalogue, and annotate the Mark Twain papers. They were deposited in the Harvard Library, and there I went to work on them in late September. It will take me at least two years to arrange the papers; it will take me a good deal more than two years to extract from them what is important for the study and criticism of Mark Twain.

The papers amount to more than twenty thousand pages, how much more I do not yet know. They cover all periods of Mark's life, clear back to his years on the Mississippi and in Nevada, but the bulk of them are later than 1891. (Much material seems to have been lost when the Hartford household was broken up in that year. Also, toward the end of his life, other manuscripts disappeared from Stormfield and it is not certain that all of these have been recovered.) Several hundred pages, which were written in pencil, are either illegible or nearly so. Several thousand have no interest or importance except to historians and students of Mark

Next Week

INDIANA LITERATURE
By RICHARD A. CORDELL

MILLBROOK
By DELLA T. LUTES
Reviewed by Rebecca Lowrie

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Twain, and many of these could interest only the most pedantic. They range from laundry lists, computations of household expenses, and lists of dinner guests up to two manuscripts which are only less important, in my opinion, than the half-dozen books which are generally accepted as Mark Twain's best.

One persistent rumor is that the papers contain many obscene manuscripts and the question most frequently asked me is, "Is there anything like '1601'?" Yes: there is the speech to the Stomach Club which Mr. Paine mentions in his "Life" and which is pretty funny, and there is a short fragment in Yankee dialect which is plentifully obscene but very dull. I shall not publish either of them. There are several other manuscripts, including the most savage of Mark's assaults on the Old Testament God, which have a magnificent directness of speech. Mark thought them too shocking for the first Roosevelt era, when they were written. I think he overestimated their shocking power even then and I am quite sure we can take them now without a qualm —I intend to publish them. It is typical of Mark's judgment that the one passage marked not to be published for five hundred years is a mild discussion of the Immaculate Conception which would not trouble the most unworldly curate. Most of the items so far deliberately withheld from publication are not in the least coarse; they are passages in the unpublished "Autobiography" which deal with public figures of the time. He withheld them, he says explicitly, because he was writing for his own enjoyment, not to wound or offend anyone. These date from 1904 to 1907 and there is now no reason why they should not be published. There are also several hundred letters, many of them fascinating, which Mr. Paine withheld for reasons no longer operative. Many other letters which Mr. Paine never saw have come to light in libraries and other collections, and either a new volume or an enlarged edition of the present two-volume "Letters" is clearly indicated. But it will take a long time to prepare.

By far the greatest part of this material is interesting only to a historian, a biographer, or a literary critic. Its fascination for such students could hardly be overstated; I can only say that it has already given me the most satisfying literary experience of my life. For instance, there is a thirty-page story which is the earliest form of "Tom Sawyer" and contains many of the incidents later used in the book. (It contradicts Paine's statement that the earliest version was a play.) There are some twenty pages of notes for "Huckle-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Passage from "Outlines of History"

(Suppressed) Date, 9th Century

BY MARK TWAIN

This is one of two short chapters of a projected work called variously "Glances at History" (Suppressed) and "Outlines of History" (Suppressed) and attributed to the ninth century. Apparently the work was to deal with the "Fall of the Great Republic," and the other chapter was once so titled. Only two chapters were written but the idea was developed in other sketches, some of which will be printed in the collection I am preparing. Internal evidence shows that they were written in 1906 or 1907. Dated autobiographical dictations show that the subject was very much on Mark Twain's mind in both years.

B. DV.

BUT it was impossible to save the Great Republic. She was rotten to the heart. Lust of conquest had long ago done its work; trampling upon the helpless abroad had taught her, by a natural process, to endure with apathy the like at home; multitudes who had applauded the crushing of other people's liberties, lived to suffer for their mistake in their own persons. The government was irrevocably in the hands of the prodigiously rich and their hangers-on, the suffrage was become a mere machine, which they used as they chose. There was no principle but commercialism, no patriotism but of the pocket. From showily and sumptuously entertaining neighboring titled aristocracies, and from trading their daughters to them, the plutocrats came in the course of time to hunger for titles and heredities themselves. The drift toward monarchy, in some form or other, began; it was spoken of in whispers at first, later in a bolder voice.

It was now that that portent called "the Prodigy" rose in the far south. Army after army, sovereignty after sovereignty went down under the mighty dread of the shoemaker, and still he held his conquering way—North, always North. The sleeping republic awoke at last, but too late. It drove the money-changers from the temple, and put the government into clean hands—but all to no purpose. To keep the power in their own hands, the money-changers had long before bought up half the country with soldier-pensions and turned a measure which had originally been a righteous one into a machine for the manufacture of bond-slaves—a machine which was at the same time an irremovable [?] instrument of tyranny—for every pensioner had a vote, and every man and woman who had ever been acquainted with a soldier was a pensioner; pensions were dated back to the Fall, and hordes of men who had never handled a weapon in their lives came forward and drew three hundred years' back-pay. The country's conquests, so far from being profitable to the treasury, had been an intolerable burden from the beginning. The pensions, the conquests, and corruption together, had brought bankruptcy in spite of the maddest taxation, the government's credit was gone, the arsenals were empty, the country unprepared for war. The military and naval schools, and all commissioned officers in the army and navy, were the preserve of the money-changers; and the standing army—the creation of the conquest-days—was their property.

The army and navy refused to serve the new Congress and the new Administration, and said ironically, "What are you going to do about it?" A difficult question to answer. Landsmen manned such ships as were not abroad watching the conquests—and sunk them all, in honest attempts [to] do their duty. A civilian army, officered by civilians, rose brimming with the patriotism of an old forgotten day and rushed multitudinously to the front, armed with sporting-guns and pitchforks—and the standing army swept it into space. For the money-changers had privately sold out to the shoemaker. He conferred titles of nobility upon the money-changers, and mounted the republic's throne without firing a shot.

It was thus that Popoatahualpacatapetl became our master; whose mastership descended in a little while to the Second of that name, who still holds it by his Viceroy this day.

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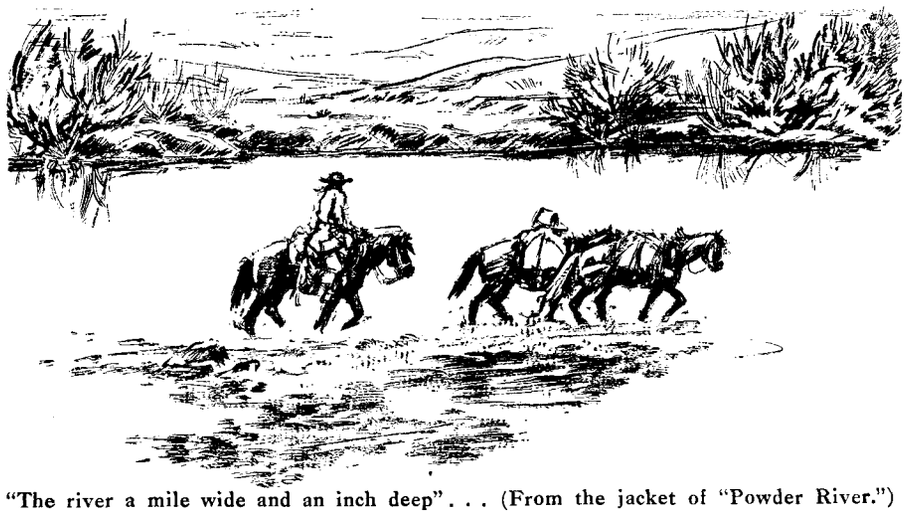

"The river a mile wide and an inch deep". . . (From the jacket of "Powder River.")

The Battle for Grass

POWDER RIVER: Let 'er Buck. By Struthers Burt. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE W. STEPHENS

OSTENSIBLY one of a series on the Rivers of America, Mr. Burt's book is really a tale of all American frontiers. Mr. Burt has lived in Wyoming and you know he understands and loves it.

Powder River, which flows north into Montana, "the river a mile wide and an inch deep," has come to have a meaning of its own. "Powder River, Let 'er Buck" is a call and a challenge. It arouses response in unexpected places.

Incidents more dramatic than the battle at Thermopylæ, and involving greater numbers, make up the history of the Powder River country in eastern Wyoming. Custer's massacre is a familiar story but less so is the slaughter of friendly Indians at Sand Creek by soldiers led by the fanatical Reverend J. M. Chivington, or the march of the Cheyennes from Indian Territory, where the Government had placed them under a stupid and brutal Indian agent, back to their beloved Wyoming in the dead of winter. Blood from their feet marked the trail, but it is good to know they were not returned. Philosophically, Mr. Burt says that the whites treated the Indians badly and the Indians treated the whites badly. It was just one of those things.

The struggle for grass was the real cause of battle between the Indians and whites, although they were scarcely aware of it. Buffalo fed in the high grass of Powder River valley, and the cattlemen reached out for the rich territory, although the treaty of 1868 guaranteed peaceable possession to the Sioux. Later it was grass that brought on the bloody wars between cattle and sheep men. In 1892 conflicts between big and little ranchers, ranchers and farmers who moved in and fenced water holes, and cattlemen and sheepmen kept the country in a turmoil.

> The white man had fought it out with the Sioux, and now the white man was fighting it out with his own kind. The big owners were in the same position the Sioux had been in fourteen years before. Their arguments were the same. Up on his reservation in Dakota, old Red Cloud must have smiled.

One likes to think of the author as sitting on his heels, as only a Westerner can sit, around camp fires and listening to yarns of the old timers. These are told incisively and dramatically and with a fine instinct for selecting the true and rejecting the improbable. Some of these stories have been used in their entirety. Scraps are pieced together until one can see the waddies on their jogging horses, and feel that fresh, dry tang that is truly of the Western plains. There are stories of Texas cattle "trailed" through by the cowboys, of the opening of big cattle ranches owned in some instances by titled foreigners, of the famous Cheyenne Club whose members spent their summers in Wyoming and their winters on the Riviera. There is passing mention of Medicine Wheel, a relic which if in England would be as famous as Stonehenge. It is made of boulders in a huge circle with radiating spokes. Even the Indians have no record of its ceremonial use.

The latest invasion of the Powder River country is a peaceful one. The author calls the chapter "Ladies in Pants." It is dude ranching and has become a major industry.

To a splendid book Mr. Burt has added an interesting bibliography and an index complete enough to locate almost any character from Alligator - Stands - Up, Crow chief, to Calamity Jane. It should definitely put Wyoming on the map, and is entitled to a permanent place as a reference work.

Florence W. Stephens was formerly a member of the Montana legislature.

History on the Spot

WE SAW IT HAPPEN. By 13 Correspondents of The New York Times. *Edited by Hanson W. Baldwin and Shepard Stone. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT BRUCKER

ONE wonders why this book of articles by newspaper men is better than just so many articles by newspaper men. Perhaps it is because its twelve chapters, far from unified though they seem, are written to a single theme—"history as trained observers on the spot have seen it happen," as the editors say. Perhaps there is some deeper reason. At any rate, the prospective reader can be sure that he will find in the book something at once solid and dramatic. The whole offers a sharp analysis of much that matters in this world of ours; it is readable and often amusing.

It must be admitted that there is an odd assortment of subjects in the list covered by these thirteen specialists whose by-lines are familiar to readers of *The New York Times.* There are, for example, the Washington scene, mostly in New Deal days, and the eclipse of Tammany; Vienna and Central Europe through the fall of Austria but before dismemberment of Czechoslovakia; the domestic success and foreign faltering of the men who run the British empire, and a study of Japan, exotic and troubled; an amusing but bitter dialogue on Hollywood, which admits that we the people are in good part to blame for its false standards, plus a study of dramatic criticism and an explanation of the sports industry; there are, furthermore, adventures ranging from Little America to the Scopes and Massie trials; and finally a dispassionate summary of the Sacco-Vanzetti case which nevertheless rouses again the emotions of those days, a portrait of Wall Street in its recent decline, and a pageant of depression America with special attention to the Scottsboro boys, sharecroppers, and Huey Long.

Out of this mixture, which the book presents in an arrangement not even as logical as that here given, comes a considerable understanding of our times. Now and again, as with Arthur Krock's explanation of the first announcement of the decision to embargo gold exports, and with William Conklin's story of the forced resignation of Mayor Walker, bits of current history are revealed for the first time. All of the text, incidentally, is new. And here the restrictions and responsibilities of newspaper writing are absent. The writers are free to tell their own stories with as much interpretation and opinion as they care to include. In other words, they give us the low-down on the stories they cover. The result, although less objective than reporting, takes on new life and sincerity.

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The Inner Life

PILGRIMAGE. By Dorothy Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. 4 Vols. $10.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

IN point of subject and of method, the monumental novel composed of Dorothy Richardson's eleven bright little published volumes and the latest, equally bright, hitherto unpublished one, may be modernity itself. The subject is the life of a tight, spinsterish English girl with incredible nervous zest and intensely alert, vivid, bird-like sensations, who gets her living as a teacher, a governess, and a secretary, lives in cheap London boarding-houses, and ultimately becomes an author. This life is presented through the embodiment of the protagonist's "stream of consciousness," the sparkling current of her perceptions, intuitions, images, taken moment by moment as it flows.

But in point of form and of meaning, "Pilgrimage" all in all is a picaresque novel. Rogues and picaroons do not figure in its crisp and chintz-like pages. Still it belongs with "Gil Blas" and "Peregrine Pickle." It is a loosely strung sequence of sensations and experiences, a continuous stream of entertainment innocent of inner form, without particular conformation to a vital process or growing shape, and circumscribed in significance and expressiveness.

What appears most lacking is a hierarchy of values. Everything "whether spiritual or material, organic or inorganic, live or abstract," the passage of a lover and the passage of a circus-parade, is equally prominent in this fiction. The author has insufficiently distinguished, related, and collocated the parts of her heroine's experience, insufficiently discriminated between what is of greater and what is of lesser importance. She has, to be sure, labored under a handicap. The matter of her fiction is the consciousness of a protagonist who herself is pretty thoroughly without a sense of the main issues. Despite her rapturousness, Miriam Henderson is spinsterish in a way few spinsters may be thought to be, entirely by reason of inward circumstances. Maternity does not interest her. Apparently she is without longing for love and the sense of the grandeur and beauty which this passion can assume; and her relations with men are wanting in responsiveness and ecstasy. No event of major importance takes place within her, and for all its continually increasing sharpness and inclusiveness and the steady variation of its objects, her consciousness never quite comes to embrace the great forces of existence.

Yet it is not to be doubted that a novelist possessing a hierarchy of values could have represented Miriam Henderson, in case he considered her worth depiction in a novel of heroic proportions, in a way expressive of his scale. While representing the girl's milieu and her constant thrills and excitements, the enchantments derived from a new box of cream-laid letter-paper, the Bernese Oberland, and a garden of glowing flowers—indeed all that which makes her so delightful and engaging a personage—he could with either greater or lesser sympathy have simultaneously played her against the beauty and worth she didn't understand or sympathize with, and indicated her effects upon the persons she brushed against and recoiled from. Incidentally, while affirming his values, he would have

Dorothy Richardson

created a tale more continuously engrossing than Miss Richardson's so frequently exquisite one.

It should be remarked that many critics do not agree with the present writer. May Sinclair for one has insisted that "Pilgrimage" is "just life going on and on." And John Cowper Powys believes that Dorothy Richardson "has drawn her inspiration from the abyss of the feminine unconscious." If one cannot quite see eye to eye with these writers, it certainly is not for the reason that one doubts the femininity of Miriam. She is womanly if only by virtue of the feminine inhibitions she possesses. What one none the less feels is that both protagonist and author are captivated by nothing so largely as their own capacity for sensation, and therefore vitally comprehensive and expressive in only a limited degree.

Within its confines, which a stream-of-consciousness novel such as "Ulysses" does not share, "Pilgrimage's" approach to reality nevertheless is prodigious, first-hand, intimate, and intense. Miriam's senses are as avid as they are fresh; and she feels and apprehends, if not with her entire person, simultaneously with all five senses. Her mind is a poet's, an imagist's: intensely, precisely observant, swift and voracious in its seizures of the real in images and figures. The spark of her moments of freedom and creativity, the spirit of entire landscapes and milieus and an array of quaint Londoners reach us. The art with which these perceptions, intuitions, images are merged with the internal monologue increases almost to the end of the vast novel. In the chapter "Oberland" it attains a kind of jewel-like perfection. Precisely who Miss Richardson's artistic ancestors are remains a fascinating subject for speculation: and commencing with the chapter "Interim," one feels the effects of a craft-interest in the solutions by Joyce and Proust of problems similar to her own. Yet there is no doubt her method was spontaneous in herself. And she has become one of its foremost subtilizers and refiners.

Gallery of Politicians

THE AMERICAN POLITICIAN. Edited by J. T. Salter. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

THE national political outlook isn't as hopeless as it sometimes looks. The college-trained man, who studied political science, is slowly nudging his way in, and the self-made man, who never gives his associates or constituents a chance to forget that he came out of the slums and worked his way to the top, is beginning to get a run for his money.

Salter's staff of writers have scanned the political panorama thoroughly and they come up with some very interesting observations. Another generation is beginning to get somewhere in government and they are a far more interesting lot. Senator Millard Tydings, for instance, likes to skip up into the attic at home and paint pictures, and he yearns to write a book. Maury Maverick once introduced a column of book reviews into the *Congressional Record* and conducted it for a month or more for the sheer hell of it, and political practice has changed so much that he tells critics among his constituents to jump into dust storms and choke.

Salter presents a gallery of politicians, high and low, and gives a cross section of the breed across the country in national, state, county, city, and town governments. His favorite in the present political kennel is Sol Levitan, state treasurer of Wisconsin, who could count the people's money in the dark and never lose

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a nickel of it. Salter's estimate of Sol is that of a sympathetic, intimate friend, and I found that I agreed with him because Levitan was certainly an amazing Jew, as Salter presents him, a man who made a fortune and worshipped Bob LaFollette. Another friendly biography is that of LaGuardia by Paul Kern, the mayor's law secretary.

The only woman politician included is Anna Brancato, representative from Philadelphia to the Pennsylvania State Legislature. Judging by the success she has had a good deal may be heard from her, but she failed to impress me. She was a bit too coy with Frances L. Reinhold, her biographer, and I couldn't get excited about the "handsome engagement ring" that glistened on the lady legislator's finger. I got the impression that she was successful in the legislature because she was a woman and not because she is a good politician.

Salter's second contribution, "Honest Tom McIntyre, an Old-Style Politician," left me confused. He has used fictitious names and election districts in presenting Honest Tom against the background of Philadelphia politics, and I have no doubt that the Philadelphian who is in the know, the reader who can spot and identify the characters in it, will get quite a sting out of it. There may be some revelations there which escape me for that reason.

The critical biographies are all very good. I came away with the idea that Vandenberg is pretty much of a Frank Merriwell; George Norris got my complete admiration; I found it hard to reconcile Robert F. Wagner and Tammany. John L. Lewis and Big Jim Farley measured up, but so much has been printed about them lately that my interest was dulled. On the other hand, I could have read more about Norman Thomas in the same vein.

Lindsay Hoben's story of Dan Hoan, Mayor of Milwaukee, left me shaking my head. Milwaukee is so well advertised as an honest city with an efficient government that the Hoan who went to bat for strikers and for civil rights surprised me in his private life and his enthusiasm for quack medical remedies. Sickler of Salem County, New Jersey, is a good study of the county politician and apostle of Jim Farley, and Robert Heuck of Hamilton County, Ohio, properly had a place in the collection, but he did not arouse me.

Among this collection are the men who will one day be running the country, and in the background are the old-timers about to walk off the stage. The political commentator will read it and put it in his library for future reference. For the political student it is a "must."

Joseph F. Dinneen, on the staff of the Boston Globe, *has contributed articles on politicians to leading magazines, and is the author of "Ward Eight," a novel of politics in Boston.*

Footprints on the Sands

YOUNG LONGFELLOW (1807-1843). By Lawrance Thompson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $4.50.

Reviewed by F. O. MATTHIESSEN

THE Longfellow whom we see here is more human than we have been accustomed to consider him. Since his image was cast in plaster by his pious brother, no one until Lawrance Thompson has gone through all the source materials in an attempt to make a full-length portrait closer to the original. A dozen years ago Herbert Gorman satisfied the Stracheyan distaste for the poet's whole era by calling his subject "A Victorian American," and by virtually draping the bust with one of the Queen's

From a painting by C. G. Thompson
Longfellow at thirty-three

shawls. But the figure who now emerges through the passages in letters and journals which were so carefully excised by Samuel Longfellow is not frozen into an attitude of docile correctness. He was impressionable, impetuous, and frequently torn by uncertainty and conflict.

When, following his graduation from Bowdoin, he was sent to Europe at nineteen in order to master foreign languages, he seems instead to have spent most of three years in a boyish dilettantism, using "Childe Harold" for a guide-book, and bringing back, as he confessed, "dreamy sensations and vague recollections of a sunny land." Established as a teacher at Brunswick, he felt himself being starved "in this land of Barbarians —this miserable Down East." Later at Cambridge he was no less restless and dissatisfied with the routine that seemed to be vitiating his own work. But his real inner tumult was during the winter of suffering after his first wife's death in 1835, and increasingly during the half-dozen years of his unsuccessful courtship of Frances Appleton, when he was mentally and nervously racked almost to the point of collapse. With the resolution of this period of unhappiness in her final acceptance, Thompson's competent narrative reaches its climax and conclusion.

Such findings may not be of enough interest to carry many readers through a whole volume which deliberately relegates any analysis of the poet's work to a later critical bibliography. Certainly the brief essays in revaluation by Howard Jones in 1931 and Odell Shepard in 1934 brought us closer to Longfellow's essential life, the life of his poems. But by confining his attention to the formative years of his subject's career, Thompson has thrown into sharper relief the forces which launched it. He reprints significant passages from a heretofore neglected defense of poetry which Longfellow wrote at twenty-four, significant because half a dozen years before Emerson's "American Scholar" Longfellow was making some of the same pleas for an original and self-reliant literature. But in spite of his urging his fellow poets to follow Sidney's maxim, Longfellow himself seems to have had practically nothing to say during the whole decade of his twenties, the very time when one might have expected a romantic poet to be most prolific.

It was only when his own need for concentrated purpose to release him from despair coincided with his impression of "Wilhelm Meister" that he broke out with a voice of his own in "A Psalm of Life" in 1838. But one could never be sure what Longfellow would find when he looked in his heart to write. Thompson has shown that the novel "Hyperion" is based more directly on the poet's experience than anything else he ever did. Yet, glancing at the book today without that knowledge, one would never suspect its mild pages to be anything other than a blend of Richter's fanciful style with Goethe's philosophy of action. The Longfellow who is more nearly readable is the one who shares in his generation's feeling for native themes, who, while in Dresden in 1829, is already turning his "untravelled heart" to the plan for a "Sketch Book" of New England life, who, near the end of the period with which Thompson deals, has at last made a start with a ballad about the wreck of a schooner "in the great storm a fortnight ago . . . I think I shall write more. The *National Ballad* is a virgin soil here in New England; and there are great materials. Besides I have a great notion of *working upon people's feelings.*" That was the Longfellow whose poems were judged by the standards of his contemporaries to be "all one could wish them to be . . . simple, graceful, strong; without any taint of coarseness, harshness, or passion." The only word one could remove from that description is "strong."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Diagnosis of the Modern Temper

PAUL VALÉRY has been quoted as saying that he gets no great satisfaction out of writing; that the act of composition is merely the drudgery of putting on paper what he has already had the pleasure of constructing in his mind. Whether M. Valéry ever said words to that effect, and if he did, whether he meant them, we do not know. But it ought to be true, because of all contemporary men of letters, it would be difficult to find one who writes less and says more. His new book, "Variety: Second Series," is a selection of eight essays from three small volumes which he has published in France within the last decade, and it is the first book by M. Valéry to appear in this country since his "Variety," in 1927.

"Variety: Second Series" was reviewed in this magazine two weeks ago. Since it is a book of essays by an author whose name is known to a comparatively small public in this country, it may escape the attention of numerous readers who might find it one of the most stimulating books of the year. Its contents, moreover, are provocative of ideas for inexhaustible discussion. For these reasons we propose to add to the review which we published a few footnotes of further comment.

The essence of the book, as Henry Seidel Canby pointed out in his review, is in the two closing essays, on "Spiritual Polity" and "The Balance Sheet of the Intelligence." M. Valéry has a habit, encouraged no doubt by the character of the French language, in which verbosity and obscurity are more difficult to achieve than in English, of setting down entirely novel ideas, from which the most startling conclusions may emerge, as if they were obvious and familiar maxims taken for granted by everybody. This is especially true in his concluding essay, which is a discussion of the nature of progress and of its effects on the contemporary world. M. Valéry is telling us that our age is different, in degree and in kind, from any that has preceded it. He says this in the tone of voice which he would use for saying that there is nothing new under the sun; and only after a moment's reflection do we realize that he is not repeating, but reversing, that familiar platitude.

> In a few decades, we have overturned and created so many things at the expense of the past—refuting, disorganizing, reorganizing the ideas, the methods, the institutions which it has bequeathed us—that the present appears to us an entirely unprecedented state. We no longer regard the past as a son regards his father, as a source from whom he can learn something, but as a grown man regards a child. . . .
>
> In a word, we have the privilege—or interesting misfortune—of seeing a profound, rapid, irresistible transformation of all the conditions of human action.
>
> Do not for a moment believe that men born before our time ever witnessed variations so great and so extraordinary.

The possibly debatable nature of some of these assertions (to which quotation out of context does considerable injustice), as of M. Valéry's central point, is one for philosophers and historians. For the general reader, the important part of the discussion is in its application and its by-products. M. Valéry analyzes a civilization which invented speed and then used it to proceed rapidly into chaos, the extent of which has become apparent only in the present decade.

It is noteworthy that literary experiments in chaos—that is, in formlessness—anticipated by a number of years M. Valéry's diagnosis of civilization. Examples need not be multiplied: Gertrude Stein began writing nonsense syllables many years ago; James Joyce brought the amorphous stream of consciousness to its ultimate conclusion in 1921, beyond which there was nothing to explore but the stream of unconsciousness. Experimentalism in literature, with all the little magazines dedicated to the expression of chaos, flourished in the twenties, when civilization seemed secure and the world safe for democracy. In the thirties, these things have found no audience, if indeed they have been produced at all. Most of the enthusiasts for "Ulysses," although some of us still look upon it as one of the landmarks of the century, have pretty well forgotten that Joyce's "Work in Progress" is still in progress. Gertrude Stein found an audience a few years ago when she finally produced a book—her autobiography—in more or less comprehensible English. (It is true that her "Four Saints in Three Acts" was taken to the bosom of the literary equivalent of café society in 1934, but this is beside the point: "Four Saints" enjoyed a brief public vogue, following long after the author's more exclusively literary vogue; besides, it was set to music, which, incidentally, was melodious, easy, and comprehensible.)

We suggested a few weeks ago on this page that a salient characteristic of this decade's literary production is the effort to catch up with the past, exemplified by the historical novelists in America and the panoramic chroniclers, like Romains and Du Gard, in France. Why this should be the preoccupation of a world thoroughly unsure of itself—as chaos and experiment marked the writing of the preceding, confident decade—we leave to better minds to figure out: to M. Valéry, for example. It is one of innumerable trains of thought set in motion by his extremely interesting book. His own literary essays in this volume concern figures of the past century—notably Baudelaire, Verlaine, and Stendhal. We should trade any ten books of the present year for a chance to learn what M. Valéry thinks of current literature in relation to the world which he has so brilliantly diagnosed.

Lazarus Questioned

(From "I Lazarus")

BY LLOYD FRANKENBERG

IT was the voices. There were voices
about me, rippling, washing, splashing, subsiding.

What was it they were asking?—Were you dead?
(Dead? dead? it was surely as if
I had not been alive)—I do not remember, I said.—

Did you wake at the sound of your name?
or not till the words, Come forth?—
Did you see God?—Is the devil's forehead
cleft?

Man is not curious really.
The wonder in their eyes dies out.
They go to seek assurance in
the words of one who stands apart
and speaks from clearer memory
or from no memory at all
but clearly:—"In my Father's house. . "

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Letters to the Editor: *Pearl Buck and the Nobel Prize; Photographs vs. Drawings*

Mark Twain Papers

SIR:—In connection with my article on the Mark Twain papers, I should like to repeat what I said in your correspondence columns some months ago: that I cannot answer questions about the content of the papers. In spite of the notification which you published some twenty collectors, teachers of literature, and graduate students have written to me, sometimes pleading for information, sometimes demanding it. There are two reasons why I must refuse all such requests. In the first place it is formally impossible: the terms of the agreement under which I am working forbid me to give out any information until the books I am preparing for publication are ready. In the second place it is physically impossible: until the job of arranging the papers is finished, to answer the most casual and innocent-appearing question might require many hours of work—and, besides editing the Mark Twain papers, I am writing a book of my own.

BERNARD DEVOTO.

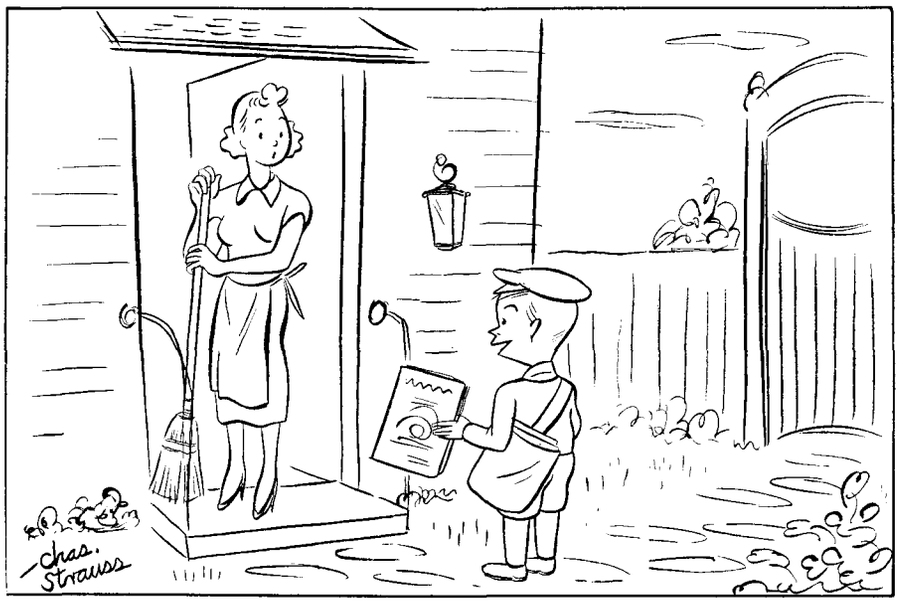
Cambridge, Mass.

The Nobel Prize

SIR:—I have read with much interest Mr. Canby's very fair appraisal of the work of the Nobel Prize Committee in awarding the recent prize for literature to Pearl Buck, but I cannot help thinking that Mr. Canby has gone out of his way to be just, and that perhaps he himself feels that he has. It is all very well to say that the Committee is not susceptible to the influence of pressure groups and that it likes to make up its own mind, but there is no logic in drawing the conclusion from such statements that unsusceptibility and independence necessarily result in justice.

Mistakes in awarding the prize have been made before, and perhaps inevitably, but when the work of Americans is selected for examination the Committee seems particularly prone to err. That "The Good Earth" is a fine novel no sensible person will deny, but if the Nobel Prize is to have any meaning at all there must be a certain minimum of flexibility and eccentricity in the standards set up for judging.

Perhaps the prize should not have come to an American at all this year—I am not sufficiently acquainted with contemporary literature to be qualified to venture an opinion—but if the judges in their wisdom thought it should come here, and to a woman, there is no denying that the claims of Willa Cather were superior to those of Pearl Buck, and, in fact, superior to those of any other American woman now writing. That her books possess the idealistic tendency so highly thought of by Alfred Nobel it would be foolish to deny. She may not be so great as some of her admirers think, but she has illuminated a corner of American life, and while she may represent no special school of literature she has been capable of writing books perhaps as fine as any produced in the United States in this century.



"Madam, if I can get enough far-sighted mothers to subscribe to the *Woman's Home Companion* now, I won't have to work while I'm in college."

Among the men Theodore Dreiser was the logical choice, and it is greatly to Mrs. Buck's credit that after she had accepted the prize she stated that in her opinion it might more properly have gone to him.

LOUISE DAVIES.

Ventura, Cal.

The Maryland Yellowthroat

SIR:—I am concerned with what Miss Skinner's "Dithers and Jitters" has done to Mr. Lockridge. Imagine all bird songs to the tune of "bitch-it-up, bitch-it-up, bitch-it-up." I surmise that Miss Skinner knows her birds, but alas for Mr. Lockridge. Henceforth all birds will sing to him in a rhythm fit for the Jitter-bugs.

In Kansas, Miss Skinner's little bird calls "Witch-a-ta, witch-a-ta, witch-a-ta." I've always been suspicious of him for he comes from Maryland and wears a mask. Now, thanks to Miss Skinner, his mask is off. Next spring when the Maryland Yellowthroat returns to my garden wall, I'll have a better understanding.

C. C. YOUNG.

Lansing, Mich.

Chamberlain and Steffens

SIR:—Chamberlain's comments on Steffens's Letters, November 12, were interesting and expose his point of view, which is most practical in this compromising world. I think I perceive, however, that J. C. does not quite grasp Steffens's economic outlook.

Steffens was social-minded: he saw social values, especially economic values that are clearly social. He told us in his biography that it was these social values which caused the conflicts among politicians for control of governments. He repeated often that the rewards for graft were so great that no man could withstand them. He concluded, logically, that society as a whole should absorb social values and not leave them loosely about for individuals to quarrel over and appropriate.

As I understand J. C., he would have a "broker" divide the social values among individual claimants. I think then, J. C. falls just short of being social-minded. I know he is liberal-minded and democratic-minded. But without the advantages of the social-minded viewpoint one can hardly interpret a Steffens.

W. R. EDWARDS.

Chula Vista, Cal.

Snapshots

SIR:—I take exception to a remark by Allan Nevins in his review of "Adventures of America" in your issue of November 26th.

He says that a good painting or drawing is nearly always preferable to a snapshot. Does he know what a snapshot is? To a photographer the word means a photograph made with an exposure of 1/25th of a second or less. Did he mean to imply that a snapshot is inferior in technique?

The pictures in the book under review were made at a time when very few "snapshots" were possible. These pictures were not in competition with snapshots. But nowadays when photographs of news events can be made at snapshot speed we have weekly magazines of photographs instead of weeklies like *Harper's* made up of drawings.

The photographs made by Brady remind us that there were better photographs of Civil War scenes unpublished than the drawings that were published in *Harper's Weekly*.

What your reviewer evidently means is that he prefers drawings and paintings to photographs. All I can say is, "God help him!"

ARTHUR W. COURTNEY.

New York City.

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Chester T. Holbrook

"When at work, he keeps hours as regular as an office, and during those hours he allows no interruptions" . . .

John P. Marquand

"Something of an Apley Himself"

BY CONSTANCE M. FISKE

JOHN P. MARQUAND, who regards all other authors as very difficult people, has only one literary reminiscence. On a trip to Italy, when he was still an unknown young writer, Henry James Forman introduced him to a cadaverous man with red hair and burning eyes, who was wearing sandals and a white shirt open at the neck. "I want you to meet D. H. Lawrence," said Forman. Marquand had never heard of such a person. He did not like him very much and very soon they separated.

"What did you think of Lawrence?" Forman asked later.

"I think he is a nut," replied Marquand.

Forman gave a horrified exclamation: "How can you say that about one of the world's greatest writers?" Then he continued, "However, oddly enough, when I asked D. H. Lawrence how he liked you, all he said was, 'I think he is quite mad.'"

A first meeting with John P. Marquand might easily give the impression that he is a defeatist, entirely unable to contend successfully with the problems of this world. According to himself, he has always found it extremely hard to cope with the ordinary mechanics of living. He has no ability to catch trains, he usually has no money in his pocket, his sheep on his farm in Newburyport have developed some strange and sinister disease, he has recently been mistaken for a forger of travelers' checks at Abercrombie & Fitch, and has escaped being thrown into jail by the narrowest of margins. He engages in various sports earnestly but awkwardly, and although he has taken lessons from professionals in golf and in tennis, he is always prepared for failure.

As one's acquaintance with Marquand develops, however, one discovers that although he may ignore the routine of ordinary existence, his apparent ineffectiveness disguises a keen appreciation of fundamentals. He can sum up any situation or personal equation with incisiveness, with tenderness, and always with a strong flavor of that disturbingly amusing cynicism that is Yankee humor. He was delighted by the reception of "The Late George Apley" by a prominent Bostonian who said:—"No, I have not read it. Why should I? I am told it is just about things we already know, brightly written."

Furthermore, his seeming inertia is undoubtedly the method by which he attains relaxation from the strain of concentration and the dynamic system of writing which he employs when at work. He keeps hours as regular as an office, and during those hours he allows no interruptions. For many years he typed his own material himself; now he very often dictates directly to his secretary, using no preparatory notes. With his innate ability to carry the thread of a story in his mind, he is able to achieve a first draft with few minor corrections, which gives him an idea of the final result. He then subjects this first draft to careful revision. He admits that this method has many rhetorical dangers, and he realizes it is easy to get into bad habits of repetition. But he says that it is only this systematic method which has enabled him, in recent years, to continue his work as a versatile and prolific writer of fiction for the popular magazines, and which has also given him the time to devote to more serious work.

Although he was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and lived in Rye, New York, until he was fourteen, Marquand is essentially a New Englander. He was brought up in the austere, intellectual tradition of nineteenth-century New England and he possesses a provocative literary inheritance for his future biographer. An only child, on his mother's side he is a grandnephew of Margaret Fuller, that extraordinary Dorothy Thompson of the transcendentalists. Marquand says that nothing really nice has happened to the family since his great-great-grandfather came back with so many privateering prizes in the Revolutionary War that he was heard to say: "Lord, stay thine hand, thy servant hath enough."

All his boyhood summers were spent at Curzon's Mill near Newburyport, which had been in his father's family for more than a hundred years, and where his aunts and great-aunts made their home. And it is primarily the Mill which has influenced his backgrounds for that part of his writing in which is embodied the history and essence of New England.

Certainly, during Marquand's boyhood, the Mill and its members gave in many respects a continuing picture of New England in the forties and fifties. There was little money, owing to consistently descending family fortunes through the generations, but his great-aunt Mary had been a friend of Whittier, and all the great figures of that Golden Age of New England literature had visited the Mill in the not too distant past. Emerson, Thoreau, Ellery Channing, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the abolitionist, had been cherished friends and their words were household sayings.

The retired sea captains of sailing ships who still frequented the wharves, the bookseller on the corner with his stock of musty volumes, the faded old ladies with Paisley shawls who still lived in white shuttered houses along the main street of Newburyport, all became his friends and told him their stories, which were later retold in his "Haven's End." "I like all the inhabitants of Newburyport," he says, "because they have always known me."

He entered Harvard with the class of 1915. He made only a few close friends, whom he has never relinquished. Although he was on the *Harvard Lampoon*, he was invited to join no clubs. His room, which he shared with a cousin from the Mill, was noted even among the other college boys for its terrific chaos.

After graduation, forced by the imme-

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diate necessity of earning his living, he went to work as a reporter on the *Boston Transcript*. He innocently joined Battery A so that he might have a horse to ride in the park. Only to this fact does he attribute his participation as a sergeant in the futile Mexican border campaign of 1916 and his service overseas as a lieutenant of Field Artillery in 1917 and 1918.

In discussing his post-war career, he adheres steadfastly to the familiar motto that necessity is the mother of invention. "In order to eat, I had to earn my living," he says, "and as I felt my only ability lay in the use of my pen, I got a job with the *New York Herald Tribune*. However, when I saw men pulled back from important assignments in Berlin and Paris and relegated to minor, poorly paid jobs in the back of the newspaper office because of advancing years, I was convinced that it was impossible to make a fortune in newspaper writing, so I got a job in a national advertising agency."

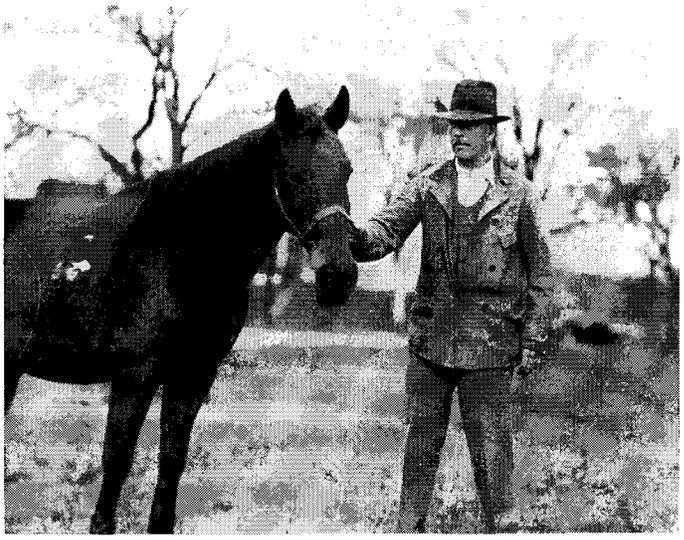
He hated writing advertising copy, but within a year he had saved up a few hundred dollars. With this nest egg he went back to Curzon's Mill in 1921 and determinedly wrote a romantic, costume novel inspired by the Newburyport background, called "The Unspeakable Gentleman." On February 22, 1922, he carried the one draft of his completed novel to New York. With his manuscript in his suitcase, he took a taxi from the station to the house of some friends. Pursued by his usual difficulties with the material world, somehow he lost the suitcase off the taxi and it was recovered only after days of frenzied search.

Somewhat shattered by this experience, Marquand brought his novel to a literary agent. The assistant who read it seemed obviously unimpressed by it. However, the head of the agency became interested. Marquand received a sudden message to lunch with him and a potential customer for the manuscript. At that luncheon the novel was sold to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for two thousand dollars.

"Since then," he says quietly, "unlike most young writers, I have had no early struggles. Seemingly I have always liked to write the sort of stories which the popular magazines demand and I have sold everything I have been able to produce at unduly high prices."

Although he cherishes his introduction at a Chinese University gathering—"For those of us who are not ashamed to admit that we read *The Saturday Evening Post*, the name of J. P. Marquand is doubtless familiar"—he has a great respect for that flair and the technical excellence which must be achieved in the writing of successful popular fiction. He feels that any creative writer, even if he is writing for the pulps, is embarked in a far greater effort than any of those who are engaged in producing non-fiction. Above all he dislikes those writers who take credit for raking in literary dust heaps rather than striking out for themselves. Probably owing to his own experience, he feels that a writer will probably not be great unless forced to earn his own living by his writing.

In 1922 Marquand married Christina Sedgwick, a member of a famous and strongly individualistic New England family. He spent ten winters in Boston steadily increasing his output for the popular magazines and developing a versatility which enabled him to turn out a good adventure story or a good costume story. His first marriage ended in an amicable divorce, but those Boston years engendered a certain bitterness combined with a curious fondness for the charming, preposterous Boston scene which was later to produce the Pulitzer prize novel of 1937 in "The Late George Apley."



Chester T. Holbrook

"He has bought an island farm near Newburyport, . . . where he leads the life of a rather distracted country gentleman." . . .

Never an adventurer himself, he has sought only the settings for adventure in his extensive travels. His actual plots are always figments of his imagination. He has a real love of the history and beauty that are the glory of France, although when he is there he may seem to be overwhelmed by the fact that French plumbing never really works no matter how beautiful it may be. He has spent a winter in Honolulu, and from that winter came an enhanced interest in the romantic era of the clipper ships.

Recently he has made two trips to the East. These trips have given him not only unlimited fertile fields for "Ming Yellow" and Mr. Moto's amazing exploits, but have also considerably influenced his outlook on life. The East fascinates him with the peace, the perfection of service, and the general nostalgia of its atmosphere. Somehow it must typify for him his perennial and always unattainable ideal of complete and philosophic calm.

Now in his middle forties, he has been heard to remark that he is "something of an Apley" himself. Of average build and with average colored hair, he has a kindly, harassed face, and dresses with the typical Bostonian disregard of current fashion. His voice is his most outstanding characteristic. It starts somewhere in the vicinity of his shoes and is usually quiet and restrained, with a pronounced Bostonian accent, but it can achieve sudden extraordinary volume and range of pitch when he is aroused; so much so that strangers have been known to inquire:—"Is it just an act or does he really talk that way?"

In 1937 he married Adelaide Hooker of New York, and he now spends his winters in New York. He says he lives there only because a successful purveyor of fiction must enjoy the contacts which New York can give in order to gauge the public trend in taste. Still pursued by a mythical ogre of increasing financial needs, he murmurs that "he is only continuing to write because he is too old to do anything else and must somehow earn his living."

In reality, he frankly likes the material comforts which his prosperity brings him. He has never been a radical, either through inheritance or through inclination. He is somewhat interested in and somewhat amused by Gotham's merry-go-round, and he is pleased by the recognition he has received. Never an exhibitionist, with no stock of bright, shallow small talk, he will withdraw like an irate turtle into his shell if forced to attend some large, impersonal social gathering. His comment upon a suggested function to be arranged in his honor was, "I have only three friends in the world and two of those don't like me."

New England and the Mill still exert a strong pressure upon him. He has bought an island farm surrounded by salt marshes near Newburyport, and has built a pine-paneled house there after what he considers unbelievable vicissitudes with artesian wells, mosquito control, and the architectural profession. He is happiest and he does his best work at the island, where he leads the life of a rather distracted country gentleman followed by dogs, who do not obey him very well.

It is of potential interest to readers of "The Late George Apley" that, having recently introduced "Mr. Moto" to the movies with lucrative results, John Marquand found time last summer to work on a new "serious" novel, which will be more closely reminiscent of his actual life and background than most of his previous fiction.

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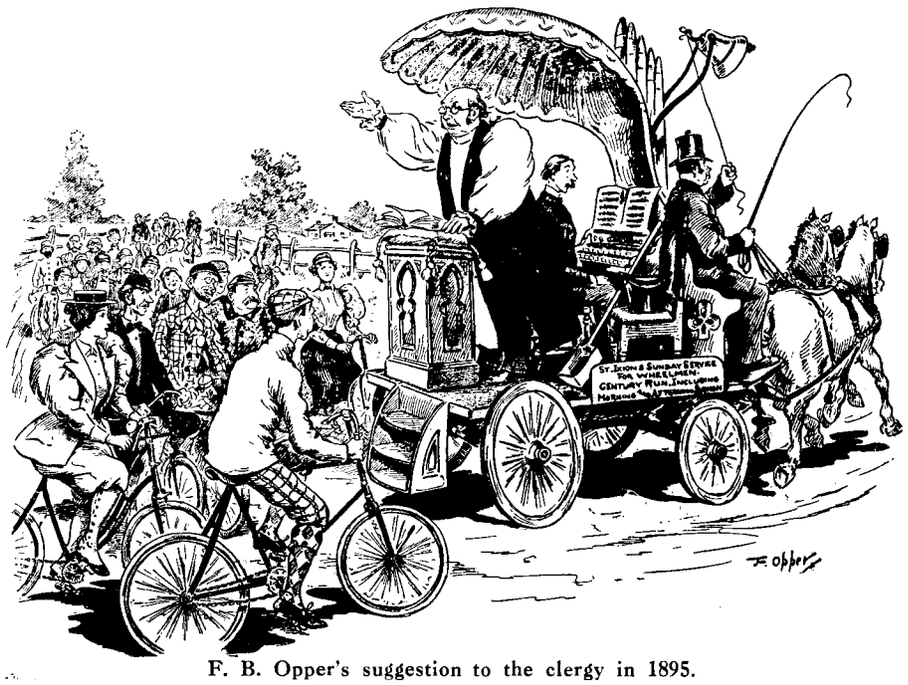

F. B. Opper's suggestion to the clergy in 1895.

Cartoons and Comics

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC HUMOR (1865-1938). Vol. II. By William Murrell. New York: Published for the Whitney Museum of American Art by the Macmillan Company. 1938. $6.50.

Reviewed by JOHN W. WINTERICH

HERE, in superb reproduction, is a vivid panorama of the cartoon in America from the fall of the Emperor Maximilian to the rise of the equally futile but perpetually extricable Donald Duck. An earlier volume carried the story through the Civil War; this one takes it from the Radical hegemony of the later sixties through the eras of the Tweed Ring and the full dinner-pail and the Big Stick to Teapot Dome and technocracy and the C.I.O. For by its symbols shall every age be identifiable unto those which come after. Only William Green, perhaps, can appreciate just how much of John L. Lewis's réclame inheres in his eyebrows.

Mr. Murrell's notes, while necessarily sketchy owing to the demands made on his space by the problem of stowing 242 drawings in 271 pages, provide a lively commentary and announce an occasional discovery of importance, as, for example, his identification of the "N" of the Frank Leslie publications with William Newman, a *Punch* artist who emigrated to the United States and "quickly made himself familiar with the American viewpoint on public questions and political issues—an achievement few British-born cartoonists have ever attained."

It was Newman and his contemporaries who opened the door for Thomas Nast. The murky ethics of the day demanded the mordant, the corrosive, in satire, and Nast and his fellow-laborers provided it. They wrought usually on almost cyclorama scale—it is significant that Nast himself more than once staged his savage assaults in the simulacrum of a Roman amphitheater.

The broadsword and the bludgeon of the seventies have given way to the rapier and the dart, which have not the same high capacity for the transfer of invective. And just as too many "commentators" have made piffle of too many editorial pages, so has the comic strip (which has yet to celebrate its semicentennial) taken the graphic accent from the political cartoon. During the war Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge of *The Stars and Stripes,* after dragging the Kaiser or the even more caricaturable Crown Prince over the hurdles of hate for the next issue, was wont to circulate among the troops in quest of those fine bits of reporting in crayon which later saw print as "I Was There." Invariably he was mistaken for A. A. Wallgren, the paper's comic artist, whose military assignment it was to make the army laugh at itself. Baldridge's efforts to convince the troops that he was the other cartoonist availed naught. There *was* no other cartoonist. Oddly enough, Mr. Murrell seems to fall into the same confusion when he refers to the contents of "I Was There" as "amusing graphic notes."

One must view the future of the comic strip considered as a social problem with real foreboding. The moral and intellectual factors may be negligible; equally so the question of wasted time. But until their creators draw bigger balloons and achieve a more legible letter, our children will all be blind inside a generation, and where will the comics be then?

British Politicians of Yesterday

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART, JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF REGINALD VISCOUNT ESHER. Edited by Oliver, Viscount Esher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. 2 *vols.* $7.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THESE volumes are a continuation of the earlier volumes, "Journals and Letters of Reginald Viscount Esher, 1870-1903." Together the four volumes of letters and diaries skillfully fitted together make up a running commentary on British politics of the last two generations. As materials for the historian they may rank with Greville for an earlier time. They cover much the same period as Blunt and are more important.

Lord Esher, after serving as a Liberal M.P., took his own line as an independent in politics; he refused cabinet posts, he turned down a step in the peerage, and even the viceroyalty of India, refusals he does not fail to record. He believed that if he remained outside of parties and had no axes to grind he could exercise more power. It is true that as a young man he had asked a peerage for his father, which of course eventually fell to him, and later he requested political posts for both his sons. But fathers looking out for promising sons must be forgiven much. Power Esher did crave. The friend of Edward VII and later (in these volumes) of George V, he was consulted by Prime Ministers and by other members of the Government, by leaders of the Opposition, and by the powers in the Army and Navy. It is possible, I think, that in his later years his influence had waned and that he was less welcome in his advisory capacity than earlier.

Naturally he has much to tell us. The George V who appears in these volumes was more capable of complicated thought and of careful distinction than has been supposed. Whether Esher unconsciously put into the mouth of Majesty his own thoughts it is hard to say. John (Viscount) Morley crosses the pages frequently, a somewhat crotchety and self-seeking man, less wise in action than in writing. About Bonar Law (whose measure he had taken), Sir Edward (Viscount) Grey, Winston Churchill, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Lloyd George, Kitchener, French, and Haig we learn not a little. Esher was a fairly good judge of men and, if he was sometimes pleasantly generous in his estimates of his friends, he furnishes the stuff of conversations and the criss-cross of talk that give the reader clues.

Esher was a good judge of politics and events. He was one of the first political figures to realize the danger from Germany, though Frederic Harrison and

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George Meredith had sensed it much earlier. For a decade before 1914 he regarded the Great War as more certain than it was. As early as 1916 he began thinking about the kind of peace that should be made. In June of 1919 he wrote: "The Peace Conference has at any rate succeeded in this, that a future war upon an even bigger scale becomes inevitable." He was certain, and remained certain, that sooner or later Germany would take Holland.

There are interesting details of peace tentatives during the war. The most credible is that of September, 1917. At the end of October Briand told Esher that the Germans had approached King Albert of the Belgians and M. de Broqueville, Prime Minister of Belgium, with an offer of the return of all occupied territories and the cession of Alsace-Lorraine (subject to two conditions). Briand was asked to go to Switzerland and meet Baron von Lancken, the German representative. The French received the proposal coldly and conveyed a truncated version of it to Lloyd George with the suggestion that it might be a trap.

Esher was a cool observer of the world; also a romantic. Good-looking actresses and duchesses he liked to meet, and especially if they had something in their heads. Barrie was a favorite author. In his letters to his second son, who was a long while courting the musical comedy actress, Zena Dare, whom he was at length to marry, Esher betrays a romantic idealism that belongs north of the Border. Only part Scot himself, he was happiest beyond the Tweed in the home he called The Roman Camp. Scottish scenery and Scottish traditions seemed to renew his spirit.

It was the Scot in him that made him face with equanimity the social changes he foresaw. His own class, from whom he believed the best leadership was recruited, was passing. That passing was to him part of a stage scene which he would watch, or the affecting end of a stirring ballad. He would not take it too hard. It was not merely drama and poetry, it was part of the story of the race. From early youth he had been a reader of history and so was prepared for change.

He was prepared for bad times ahead. He did not believe in the League of Nations, and from the beginning poohpoohed Wilson. Wilson and his friends reminded him of the early Christians standing white-robed in the arena, hemmed in by wild beasts and shouting crowds. "The unpleasant reflection is that these same early Christians destroyed the Roman Empire and plunged Europe into the shadows of the Dark Ages."

Wallace Notestein is professor of history at Yale University. He is a member of the British Commission appointed by the Prime Minister on the House of Commons Records, and is the author of a number of books on English history, including "A History of English Witchcraft" and "English Folk."

Drama in America

THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By John Anderson, and The Motion Picture in America, by René Fülöp-Miller. New York: The Dial Press. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IN a volume of young-folk size and primer type, John Anderson devotes one hundred pages to "an interpretive history" of the American theater, allots René Fülöp-Miller ninety pages for "a history in the making" of our motion pictures—and well over two hundred pages to photographs of the great ones in both, together with stage sets and sketches of costume and scenery by our leading theatric artists, the last in rather

Sketch by Aaron Douglas for Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones."

splendid color. This colored-primer layout suggests a certain infantilism not inappropriate to the subject; but in some measure the suggestion is misleading.

Mr. Anderson's interest in acting and in the theater *qua* theater is at best lukewarm; he comes to the boiling point only when there is question of the drama as interpreting American life, as there assuredly is today. Granting that the plays of the pre-Anderson period were, at their best, mere vehicles for comedians and tragedians of genius, even a hundred-page history might well record the profound impression made upon men of their time by Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth, of whom we find little more than their names and photographs — not to mention Richard Mansfield, as Mr. Anderson does not. Life begins with Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch, both of whom "were capable of shrewd observation."

As to Fitch, in this world in which "any character on the stage who wears a collar button is a dirty capitalist," there is a tendency "to minimize his achievements." His plays have "fidelity to detail and an occasional sharp commentary on social manners and customs" which foreshadow the more modern drama. Yet "they are more concerned with personality than with character." The distinction is not quite clear. Certainly the heroine of "The Girl with the Green Eyes," as played by Clara Bloodgood, was a poignant study in wifely jealousy, as she of "The Truth" was in feminine tarradiddles. William Vaughn Moody's success with "The Great Divide" is barely recorded, with no hint of its importance as precursor of the virility of subsequent drama; and his other acted play, "The Faith Healer," is credited with a similar popularity, though it failed—in spite of the fact that William Archer (rather unaccountably) acclaimed it the best American play.

With Eugene O'Neill Mr. Anderson comes into his own. Acknowledging the futility of certain experiments, as the masks in "The Great God Brown," and the Freudian asides in "Strange Interlude," he yet gives O'Neill full credit for restless originality and uncompromising courage. For each of the other capable dramatists of today Mr. Anderson has a word, and generally Mercutio's "word and a blow." Maxwell Anderson, whom he reluctantly places next to O'Neill, is "a man of compassionate nature and depth of anger" whose "prose works suggested the poet without pointing to him." But, most unfortunately, the "passionate pentameters" of both Maxwell Anderson and Archibald MacLeish arouse in John Anderson a horror lest the theater "return to all its old glories and live again even in the bombastic periods of its worst rant." Philip Barry "can be as bright and shiny as a bubble—and, on occasion, as empty." Rachel Crothers has wit, but only the wit that "makes the obvious seem snappy." And so on down the line.

Mr. Fülöp-Miller is deeply and perhaps unduly depressed by the fact that the motion picture must needs address itself not only to "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker" of our own sprawling land but to those of "the whole world from Yokohama to Budapest and from Stockholm to Buenos Aires, ignoring no human settlement." He devotes many and perhaps needless pages to a Freudian psychology of the proletarian escape-impulse, as it eventuates in "bathing beauties," the pasteboard palaces of Hollywood, and the ultimate erotic clinch. The art problem is that of making "silk purses out of sows' ears." But there are good omens.

The rebel leader, Pancho Villa, was paid $25,000 to do his best to fight the most important battles near the film

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> operator and in the best camera light. He even undertook to provide for his American business friends by bombing a group of war prisoners with grenades, so that one could see real bodies of men shot through the air in bits. But [alas!] the effect of these pictures was not satisfactory.

D. W. Griffith could do, and did, much better with papier maché. It is Coquelin's old story of the real pig who lost the prize at the peasant-fair pig-squealing contest because he did not squeal with art.

Mr. Fülöp-Miller recognizes that even the most ardent culture-chasers (presumably including himself, John Anderson, and even Maxwell of that ilk), have that in them which responds to the ultimate and basically human. But it seems not to have occurred to him that Shakespeare himself, even in "Hamlet" and especially in "Hamlet," paid tribute to the melodramatic and low-comedy tastes of the candlestick-maker. This seems to be an oversight rather than a stupidity. Certainly he describes Charlie Chaplin most feelingly as the custard-pie Hamlet.

> Chaplin's films demonstrate clearly that only a very small part of the individual is spiritual. It is a tiny divine spark that fights against the material in the body and round about the body. But this very knowledge, with which Chaplin constantly provides us, allows us to grasp the whole heroism of mankind, for in the last analysis the tiny spark is the victor over the cruel, crushing, mechanical entity.

John Corbin, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Times, *is the author of several books on the theater, including "The Elizabethan Hamlet."*

The Mark Twain Papers

(*Continued from page* 4)

berry Finn" which contain the germs of several celebrated passages and tantalizing hints of other scenes which might have been just as fine if Mark had worked them out—and other hints which, thank God, he did not develop.

There are rejected drafts of many published stories and essays. There are passages deleted from "A Connecticut Yankee," "A Tramp Abroad," "Following the Equator," and other books—deleted on sound literary grounds. There are several books abandoned when partly done, notably the book he once intended to write about England. (A book on France could be assembled from various fragments.) There is an earlier, shorter, and better version of "In Defense of Harriet Shelley." There are many hundreds of notebook entries which would make a more interesting book than the one published in 1935. There are some completed manuscripts so good that I cannot understand why either Mark or Mr. Paine withheld them. And there are literally scores of unfinished sketches, essays, and stories, some of them only a few pages long, some of them two hundred pages, some even longer.

About a hundred and fifty of these items are complete or sufficiently developed to be regarded as manuscripts. I propose to select between twenty and thirty and to bring them out as a book. It will have, I feel certain, a higher average interest than, say, "The $30,000 Bequest," "Europe and Elsewhere," or any other of the similar miscellanies now in print. It will belong of right to the Collected Works. It will contain such things as a second chapter of "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses" which is better than the published chapter, Socratic dialogues of unquestionable brilliance, and a long manuscript to which I have already alluded, "Letters from the Earth." This last, written in 1907, is the most savage expression of what is called Mark's pessimism. It is easy enough to decide on such things as these: what makes the editor's job difficult is the unfinished fragments. Mark's imagination was the liveliest and most fecund in American literature, but it was episodic and lacked staying power. His tropical enthusiasms rapidly petered out, and he was, besides, frequently unable to devise supporting structures for them. So there are scores of pieces begun at white heat but soon dropped because he lost interest or because he could find no plausible way of working them out in the original terms. Some of these are sufficiently near completion to stand on their own feet, and there is one long story which I shall certainly publish even though it is unfinished. This is a manuscript which Mark Twain left untitled but which Paine called "Statement of the Edwardses." It is clearly on the way to "The Mysterious Stranger" but is unlike it and unlike anything else Mark wrote, a strange, powerful, sometimes terrible fantasy. Anyone who reads it will be sorry it was not finished but, if I can judge by my own experience, he will be very grateful to have this much of it.

The fragments contain some of Mark's best work. There are a good many passages on a level with anything in his books, but usually their incompleteness and the impossibility of tying them up with anything make them unpublishable. This is a greater pity in that some of them show Mark brooding on the men and events of his time, his forebodings about America, and his perception of processes that give the fragments an urgent topicality today. The passage which is published in this issue of *The Saturday Review* is not among the most interesting but shows exactly what I mean. It was probably written in 1906, and Mark was thinking of the Philippine Occupation and of Theodore Roosevelt's notorious Executive Order which in 1904, the year of a presidential campaign, vastly increased the pension list. But, allowing for differences in detail, it voices an anxiety that has not been lifted from us in 1938. The corruption of government, the growth of plutocratic power, the decay of public morals and private standards, the deterioration of the America he believed in, the probable development of what he called monarchy and what we call dictatorship — these themes appear many times in the fragments written during his last years. The gentleman in the Middle West, who has not read them, knows that they are worthless: I feel that they are tremendously valuable but it is impossible to give them sequence or coherence and many of them must remain unpublished.

However, the best of them are in the unpublished parts of the "Autobiography" and will go into the book I expect to prepare from that. Not all the remaining "Autobiography" will be published, but the reason is quite simply that not all is interesting. It contains nothing scandalous, nothing obscene, nothing which supports the theory that Mark was hamstrung by his family or frustrated by the cultural timidity of Hartford—but it is sometimes dull. Mark thought that, in writing about the immediate association of the moment, he had hit on the best of all ways to write an autobiography; actually it is almost the worst way. The method dilutes the published "Autobiography" and makes it annoyingly discontinuous. It seems to me clearly an editorial obligation, in publishing more of it, to put together things that belong together. The new volume will contain nothing so fine as the fragrant passages about Hannibal in the published "Autobiography" but will be better and more interesting than the rest of it. Like the published text, too, it will not be formal autobiography. Mark's true autobiography is in his fiction and both the dictations of 1904-1908 and the series of personal sketches which he wrote much earlier are really a species of table talk, a running comment on men, events, and the pageant of memory. It is a soliloquy colored by Mark Twain's personality, a rich, pungent, and powerful soliloquy, but there is no literary or editorial reason why its original order should be followed. It is the order of a man talking at random, without plan, and the book will be better for the imposition of a plan. Presented as a leading literary man's opinions about his own works, those of his contemporaries, and important social and political figures of his era, it will be not only intensely interesting but of much historical importance.

So much for the comparative literary value of the Mark Twain papers. Students and critics are interested in another question: does this material require any fundamental change in our ideas about Mark Twain? The answer is no, but a single reservation must be made; and I think that anyone else who had read the papers would make the same answer and the same reservation. I have always intended to publish a revised edition of my book, "Mark Twain's America," leaving out the controversial parts which were essential when it was written but soon

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accomplished their purpose. I can now revise it in the light of the most minute study of what Mark actually wrote that anyone has ever made. The main argument of my book is supported by these papers—supported, I frankly believe, beyond any reasonable dissent. But one element of Mark's mind must be given more attention than anyone has given it so far.

In common with everyone else who has written about Mark Twain, I discussed his frequent preoccupation with the problem of evil and the problem of reality. I showed him dealing with both as far back as his *California sketches* and gave both as much weight as the published works seemed to justify. It now appears that I minimized that part of his thought and must take account of it when I write about him again. The damned human race's belief in the Christian Gods as its own crowning stupidity and cruelty, the determinism of human behavior by unalterable laws of temperament, the fusion of dream and reality—these ideas are so elaborated in the unpublished work that they must now be regarded as more important in the published work than there was reason to suppose. His ethical and religious satire is more integrated than I thought, and both "What Is Man" and "The Mysterious Stranger" are more central. I played both of those books down in my book and must make amends when I revise it.

I cannot see that this fact has much relation to the books by which Mark Twain is certain to be remembered—to "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," "A Connecticut Yankee," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Roughing It." Its importance for biography is only that it makes more enigmatic a personality already proved too complex for every writer who has tried to analyze it. It has only a remote and supposititious bearing on his best work, but it is more important for his other work than could reasonably be asserted before now. It does offer a new problem, even though it is a small problem, and even though it is a problem less of psychology and criticism than of social history. I will get as much of the evidence as possible into print, so that those who approach it from a different point of view may make up their minds about it while I am making up mine.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 245)

GEORGE WITHER:
CHRISTMAS CAROL

So now is come our joyfulst feast;
Let every man be jolly,
Each room with ivy-leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry!

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EDITORIAL IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, 26 NOV 1938

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The Problem of Security

INSECURITY: A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA. By Abraham Epstein. Second Revised Edition. New York: Random House. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by PHILIP KLEIN

MR. EPSTEIN'S original volume, of which this is a revision, was published in 1933. The revised version now published was completed in 1936 and reissued during the present year. Before the first publication of this book there had been only one general treatise on the subject in this country with a perspective equally accessible to layman and technician. That was I. M. Rubinow's trail-blazing textbook on social insurance published in 1916. Mr. Epstein's book served to bring up to date the progress in thought, action, and experimentation since Rubinow's pioneer contribution. As authoritative source material, "Insecurity" thus takes an appropriate place in the literature of the field dealing with the extent and causes of economic insecurity of the worker, and with remedies like workmen's compensation, unemployment and old age insurance, pensions, etc. Its author does not, however, speak from the sheltered cloister of research only. He was one of the early leaders in the campaign for social security legislation in the United States.

The present revised edition maintains the place of the book in the literature of the subject, despite the appearance in recent years of many sound and scholarly contributions which deal in detail with some of the more technical problems, actuarial, financial, social, and political. In addition to the routine task of bringing an earlier book factually up to date, the author has added some new features in this revision. They are, first, a militant attack on the Federal Social Security Act; and second, a painstaking discussion of that act and its various antecedents and sequelae (including the discarded measures for health insurance).

Conscious of the suspicion that naturally attaches among advocates of social insurance to persons who attack the Social Security Act, the author justifies his critical attitude toward that Act as directed not to its concepts or content but to the fact that it contains fundamental defects, many of which he regards as likely to nullify the very purposes it seeks to attain. "I am advised," he says, "not to criticize the act despite admitted basic flaws because disaffection might render aid and comfort to the enemies of the cause against whom I have battled these many years. . . . I am convinced . . . that silence at this time on the part of the advocates of sound social insurance regarding the latent implications of the Social Security Act can lead only to the total negation of social security in America." The Social Security Act, like many an important advance in social legislation, constitutes a compromise between advocates and opponents, the final product representing in a sense the measure of their strength. For a proponent to regard the ensuing product of such compromise as a satisfactory achievement of his purposes, unless compromises were on minimal and incidental points only, would be to betray his cause.

Addressing himself to what he regards the critical deficiences of the Security Act, which incidentally are concentrated largely on the set-up of old age and unemployment insurance, Mr. Epstein submits definite proposals for changes in the law. To many of these proposals there will probably be little if any objection, while others represent a continuing conflict of opinion and purpose. Aside from liberalization of provisions in both these categories, the first insistence of the author is upon a more truly federal system, especially in unemployment insurance, then upon the extension of the "grants-in-aid" principle as between federal and state systems, and the maintenance of the categorical concept of social security provisions as against the blanketing of all economic assistance into a general public relief pool. In brief space, but with unmistakable emphasis, the author also puts in a word for a compulsory health insurance system under federal control, which would provide not merely cost of medical treatment but also replacement of lost wages as in the case of unemployment insurance. And throughout the system the author insists, as do most progressive leaders in the field, upon the provision of benefits flexible to the needs of the worker and his dependents rather than a flat-rate of insurance compensation.

It must be evident from these remarks that the reviewer regards Mr. Epstein's revised book as an important text and reference work, and as a further skirmish in the battle for a comprehensive system of social insurance and pensions. He does have some moments of discomfort when the author becomes a bit careless of truth and accuracy in pursuit of his legitimate propaganda. Chapter thirty-five, for example, which is among those unchanged from the first edition, is a rousing piece of literature but is hardly an accurate statement of conditions either as of that time (1933) or, and even less, as of the present. Thus that "American workers are today among the most helpless and economically unprotected in the whole industrial world. . . . American workers have only the feeblest of trade unions with which to confront the numerous highly organized and aggressive employers' associations . . .", is hardly an accurate statement; and that "This side of revolution, social insurance is the only known method of alleviating the problem of under-consumption," is hardly to be taken seriously as a way of bringing about the millennium of a high standard of living for all workers. And this raises the general question, to which the reviewer has no answer, whether in advancing one's cause one should keep strictly to the letter, remain dignified and courteous as befits scholarly and scientific exposition, or whether the language should carry conviction through emphasis, and if need be through punch and venom. Does it do more good or more harm, for example, to say that, "The debauchery of our big business leaders corrupts the entire nation," even if it is only a sentence or two removed from the more restrained statement that, "Bankers and industrialists became our national heroes and we invested them with all the attributes of goodness, wisdom, and perfection. We fatuously believed that they combined the virtues of the pioneer, the patriot, and the prophet. . . ." Perhaps the argument for calm and dignified exposition may be only esthetically valid. Perhaps the scholar should indeed resort to the might of the pen but use a blade to dip into the ink. Who is to judge?

Philip Klein is on the staff of the New York School of Social Work, and is the author of several books on social science.

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The New Books

Fiction

POMFRET TOWERS. By Angela Thirkell. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

The unique manner, and much of the characteristic matter, of Miss Thirkell's novels can be illustrated by one sentence from her latest novel. A shy girl at her first house-party has just met a handsome, romantic (and detestable) young man, who utters a commonplace greeting, at which she at once fell in love, and, says her portrayer, "in that flash of ecstasy she suddenly knew what all poetry, all music, all sculpture, except things like winged Assyrian bulls, or the very broken pieces in the British Museum, meant." That looks easy, perhaps; but the more you think of it the more you see in it the illumination of the girl's age and character, the sympathetic understanding of how near to and far from tragedy such a feeling can be, and how comic as well. That is the sort of thing Miss Thirkell can do, and nobody else can do it quite so well.

Her books are of course the lightest of soufflés; in her little world of upper middle and upperclass English, the cross-purposes of ordinary conversation take the place of complexities of plot, and the discomfiture of a bore who has been spoiling the house-party carries the thrill of foiling a villain. Her present book loses something, perhaps, from the want of a single thread to hold it together, like the demon small boy of "The Angel in the House," or the school in "Summer Half." Instead, we have an assorted group of people; a vague and charming mother, a painfully shy girl, a bumptious lady novelist and her conceited son, and three or four pairs of young people to have their hands joined at the final curtain—not forgetting old Lord Pomfret, who carries rudeness to the level of an art. Also, Miss Thirkell has indulged herself, as the Provincial Lady did in her second volume, with some scenes among publishers, agents, and the unruly authors whom they find it so difficult to manage, which must be drawn from life. The whole confection is a sort of drawing-room charade which will stay in the memory less than some of its author's other books, but which is one of the most entertaining.

B. D.

QUESTION THE NIGHT. By Mary Kennedy. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $2.

Miss Kennedy tells once more the story of a fabulous theatrical family. The novel is a light one and at its best when lightest. The Fosters are as gay and mad and impulsive as may be. After long and taxing performances in the theater, they come home and play charades for hours. They occasionally have to go to bed hungry in order that their various pets may have plenty, but they can buy a ridiculously expensive hat or wrap that may be sacrificed to some current prank before it has ever seen the light of practical wear. And they talk. They reminisce heartily and endlessly. They are never so happy as when recalling the time when so-and-so did such-and-such, or fancying the time when such-and-such will do so-and-so. And the reader is happiest then, too, for the stories are good and spirits run high. Egocentric dynamos these Fosters are, with a flare for the unusual and a passion for the final flourish.

Beneath the effervescence of the general family life, individual existences follow courses less happy. Coldly analyzed, the plot would seem neither new nor convincing, but in its unfolding it takes on the warmth of its telling. Sharp realistic standards seem out of place in dealing with a book so frankly and gracefully of the theater.

G. G.

THE SILVER FOX. By Rene Hansard. Morrow. 1938. $2.50.

Anyone who has done even just a little reading in the field will remember that stories of the supernatural are generally effective in exact ratio to their reticence. That is what makes this kind of story so hard to carry off: the necessity for telling so little, for suggesting so much, if the flesh is to creep. In "The Silver Fox" Mrs. Hansard has developed an idea of fascinating potentialities, based upon the premise that the actors in an old historic drama may stride across three centuries and a half to reenact their history again in modern clothes, incident for incident. Their tense awareness of each other and of the old design they will retrace generates a fine rising excitement; the situation is tight with predestined tragedy. With all of this well in hand, Mrs. Hansard could not resist laying her whole story clearly before us, explaining everything, and this, I think, was a mistake. It would have been one thing to piece together for ourselves this ghostly modern reenactment of the death of Mary of Scotland; it is quite another to have it announced early in the book—this is Mary, this is Bothwell, this is Maitland, and so forth. It is left for us only to make comparisons in the cold light of reason (the wrong light entirely), to find that the characters don't match very well, and that the new scene in Nazi Germany has little or no relevance to the old scene in Scotland. Such heavyfooted judgments do the intentions of this story an injustice, for it was meant to have soared high above their reach. Mrs. Hansard came close to writing a modern little classic of supernatural fiction, failing only because she wrote it too thoroughly, left nothing for the imaginations of her readers to do.

N. L. R.

THE TROUBLE WITH TIGERS. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $2.50.

Saroyan's sixth volume of stories adds nothing to his stature; it does provoke certain querulous observations. What we have here, of course, is one more long section of his mental diary, or, to come closer, his blow-by-blow description of his ideas as they come to him. So far as

(*Continued on next page*)

HISTORY OF AN AUTUMN

By Christopher Morley

THIS little book was written during some of the most foreboding moments we have known in our lifetime. It is the mental history of the average man during the Autumn of 1938. The author calls it his own Time Capsule, "an attempt at an honorable kind of reporting." It is written in a characteristic union of deep feeling and relieving comedy.

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Virginibus Puerisque

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age & Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
LITTLE PANCHO *Leo Politi* (Viking: 50 cents)	6-8 Both	A Mexican boy and his dog Coco get lost in the jungle. The little boy is frightened but saved. Very modern and Mexican in feeling. Story has no rhythm or charm.	Far cry from Black Sambo
THE 500 HATS OF BARTHOLEMEW CUBBINS *Dr. Seuss* (Vanguard: $1.50)	6-8 Both	"Mulberry Street," with its clever rhymes, was inspired. This new tale is not half so funny, and the pictures very unappealing.	Try again, Dr. Seuss!
SLEEK, THE STORY OF AN OTTER *David M. Stearns* (Farrar & Rinehart: $1.)	6-10 Both	A non-talking animal story, no particular story interest. Moderately good sketches in sepia and green by Sharon Stearns.	Not exciting
LITTLE TOAD *Frances Margaret Fox* (Viking: $1.)	8-10 Either	The Life of Bufo Americanus from his tadpole stage to hibernation, by one who is partial to toads. Illustrated by Sherman G. Hoeflich.	A bit sentimental
ANIMAL TALES FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE *Lucy Cobb and Mary Hicks* (Dutton: $2.)	8-11 Both	More stories about Brer Fox, and Brer Rabbit and other South'un animals. These come from seven Carolina story tellers who had "never heard of Joel Chandler Harris." Illustrated by Inez Hogan.	Good folk tales, but heavy dialect
FELICITY DANCES *Arnold L. Haskell* (Lippincott: $2.)	8-15 Girls	An expert writer on the ballet tells a charming and "true" story, nicely larded with ballet lore, about two young would-be ballerinas, their schooling, friends, and family.	Delightful
ALL ABOUT SUBWAYS *Groff Conklin* (Messner: $2.50)	8 and up Both	What a subway is, how it is built, and how it operates are all described step by step in the straightforward text. Fine photographs vivify the details.	For city travelers
JASPER, THE GYPSY DOG *Chesley Kahmann* (Messner: $1.50)	10-12 Both	Gypsy children find a dog. Story ends happily, but atmosphere rather ominous. Nice pictures by Kurt Wiese.	Not for the tender-hearted
TENNIS SHOES *Noel Streatfeild* (Random House: $2.)	10-14 Both	How to win at Wimbledon, along with an entertaining account of the fresh and lively home life of the four young Heaths reared in a tennis tradition.	Fine for court enthusiasts
EXPLORING WITH ANDREWS *Roy Chapman Andrews* (Putnam: $2.50)	11-16 Both	The story of a man "born" to be an explorer condensed from the author's three earlier books to form an admirable, consecutive account for young readers.	Real adventure
T-MODEL TOMMY *Stephen W. Meader* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	11-16 Boys	How Tom made a business for himself with only his determination, ingenuity, and old T-Model Ford truck for working capital. A vigorous, American story.	Good
JUNGLE RIVER *Howard Pease* (Doubleday: $2.)	11-16 Boys	The exciting adventures of a college freshman in search of his father, who has disappeared while surveying for oil in the wilds of New Guinea.	Good tropical hair-raiser

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Saroyan is concerned, every idea he ever had or will have is a humdinger, full of wit, philosophy, and charm, and he will be the first to agree that he cannot part with one of them. Not that he is entirely wrong, for there is present in these pages the same fresh, excitable imagination that has always enlivened his work, and the same free and original style that has already been critically saluted. But when you get back to his thesis that everything he thinks about, or hears or sees, is a story, you come to the flaw in his work, one that grows larger and deeper as his books pile up. Nobody's ideas are consistently good. Nobody's quick flashes of thought can be trusted to be true and valuable every time, as Saroyan trusts his. No writer can afford to set down every word that comes to him, as Saroyan does, without going back to work over them, criticize, sharpen, delete. If Saroyan's stories are by turn suggestive and stale, interesting and dull, thoughtful and superficial, it is because of his certainty that he doesn't need to be self-critical. Saroyan's talents are as good as they ever were, which makes it more irritating to see him scorning to make anything of them.

N. L. R.

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY. By Margaret Culkin Banning. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

Mrs. Banning's new book is the well-known story of two plucky and improvident young people who marry against the wishes of both their families, and after a good deal of adversity and near catastrophe, make a go of it. What the book has got is plenty of skill in the telling, good incidental characterization, and a warm feeling for the nice, normal boy and girl that it's built about. All of this goes to say that Mrs. Banning, who can write so well when she pleases, has written another good pot-boiler.

L. A.

Miscellaneous

HEX MARKS THE SPOT: In the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. By Ann Hark. Lippincott. 1938. $2.60.

The title of this book is both silly and misleading. What Miss Hark has to say about hex doctors, pow wowing, "devil chasers" on barns, and *braucherei* generally is but a small part of a book that marks many more spots than hex, and does so in a popular, readable, informative, and knowledgeable fashion that makes it one of the best of the none too large shelf of worthy books on the Pennsylvania Dutch (or Pennsylvania Germans—if you're on that side of the endless controversy), their history and customs. It "marks the spot," for instance, where Conrad Beissel founded the Ephrata community; the spot where Fred Wolle started the Bach Festival that has attracted enraptured listeners from all over the world; the spot where "Baron" Steigel, more than a century ago, gave Zion Lutheran Church of Mannheim the land on which it stands for the yearly rent of one red rose; and many other interesting spots—not to mention the spot in the midriff

(*Continued on page 20*)

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INTELLECTUAL UNREST

IN A CONTENTED HOME

Our average social contacts, psychologists say, are paralyzing our intellects. Small talk and platitudes surround us; lively, constructive discussions are rare. Friends close their minds to suggestion and opinion, and we in turn withdraw into our shells, yearning for the sort of bristling intellectual stimulation we all knew in school.

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The driving forces of our personalities react to keep our contented lives from being *deadeningly* contented. We turn, in the quiet comfort of an arm chair at home, to rediscover the vitalizing joys of magazine reading. Magazines of superior quality such as SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE widen our homes into a world scene, broad and informed.

NOT YOU!

Too much content is not stifling *you*, or you would not be reading this magazine, and longing to satisfy that inner thirst for knowledge and mental excitement. We want you to continue the stimulating and thought-provoking reading of SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE but we suggest that you supplement it with equally worthwhile periodicals. To help you do this, we have arranged special combination prices, whereby you can get a subscription to this magazine along with others of similar high standards—at excellent cash savings.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

which is touched (or hollowed out) by Miss Hark's delectable descriptions of Pennsylvania Dutch cooking. As one raised in the heart of Dutch Country, if not to the manner born, she writes sympathetically and reliably of the Amish, the Mennonites, and the other "plain people" and presents a picture of them and their ways—including hex—which, barring a few rather kittenish passages, is thoroughly enjoyable.

W. C. W.

WILDFOWLING WITH A CAMERA. By Lorene Squire. Lippincott. 1938. $7.50.

It is surprising that so few camera enthusiasts have taken up the challenge of wild-life, for of all subjects it is the most tantalizing. This large and handsome book, containing a hundred full-page photographs of waterfowl and shorebirds, shows what training, skill, and infinite patience can accomplish in this line. "With all conditions right," Miss Squire says by way of introduction, "about the best shooting average is one picture out of forty." But that one picture, whether of a duck on the wing, a swooping willet, or a migratory flock of geese, is easily worth forty standard photographs of "Sunlight Under the Third Avenue El," if only because it is unique. The camera has fixed a moment that will never repeat itself.

The volume is a vivid record of the great North American wilderness which inspired Audubon and which, now that it is in full retreat, is most poignantly represented by these few surviving waterfowl. To have caught their wildness and variety with such camera-candor is a remarkable and distinguished accomplishment.

The photographs are accompanied by a text in which Miss Squire gives an account of the changing seasons and the birds she "shoots" for a hobby. It appropriately echoes the spirit of the pictures. Considering the remarkable virtues of the volume, however, it is unfortunate that many of the birds are referred to, in the captions as in the text, only by local names, rather than by the accepted names which would identify them for readers everywhere.

L. J. H., Jr.

THE GARDEN DICTIONARY: An Encyclopedia of Practical Horticulture, Garden Management and Landscape Design. Edited by Norman Taylor. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $7.50.

This important work is a combination of dictionary and encyclopedia. As a dictionary it defines the technical terms used by gardeners, horticulturists, and landscape architects. As an encyclopedia, it includes articles running from a few lines to several pages on every aspect of the growing of garden and orchard trees, vines, flowers, and plants. In order to make the book still more useful, the material has been organized in a special index under general heads covering the articles of greater importance so that, for example, the reader can either look up a special subject such as "calla lily" or "tub gardening" or can consult this index for a general field such as specialized garden or "soils" and "soil operations" under which the relevant topics are assembled. A distinguished list of contributors have assisted in the preparation of the dictionary, which is illustrated by both line drawings and colored plates. Particularly useful and interesting are the articles and plates which have to do with climatic zones and areas of relative hardiness in the various states. The book is designed for American use. It should become a standard work for reference librarians and for gardeners both professional and amateur.

H. S. C.

Travel

THROUGH LANDS OF THE BIBLE. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $3.

H. V. Morton has surely written several of the friendliest travel books of our day, and this is the best of them, the story of a recent pilgrimage to the shrines and monasteries and dead cities of the Bible. It is primarily distinctive because of its sheer good writing; even its long descriptions never pall, and though you may have read many books on the countries he visited, your attention will be held here by the freshness of the author's approach, the justice of his values, and, very often, the clear, melodic turn of his phrase.

He crossed the Syrian desert to visit the ruined church of Simeon Stylites, where that saint sat on a pillar for thirty years. Secretly he watched the flagellant Shias of Baghdad, when exposure would have meant his death, and he explored Babylon and Ur, conjuring their grand and tragic histories. In Egypt, among communities of native Christians who have held true to their faith through centuries

(*Continued on page* 22)

To Poetry Lovers:

CARL SANDBURG says:

"Not for nothing has Genevieve Taggard been the biographer of America's greatest woman poet. She is in many of her poems as directly responsive only to her inner self as was the mystic impish singer of Amherst."

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"The poetry of Genevieve Taggard is certainly among the best that is being written today. For that matter, I think it ranks with the best that has been written during these past fifteen or twenty years. Her new book, COLLECTED POEMS, is convincing evidence that she is not only capable of writing fine poetry, but that she has the gift of keen perception."

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PUZZLE FOR PLAYERS *Patrick Quentin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Playwright's uncle and actor die during rehearsals at "jinxed" theater, making much trouble for Peter Duluth and Dr. Lenz.	Exciting combination of histrionics, psychiatry, blackmail, homicide, and romance with well-drawn characters and amazing finish.	Bravo!
MYSTERIOUS MR. FRAME *Mollie Merrick* (Washburn: $2.)	Disappearance of fiancée's pa in 'Frisco's Chinatown brings N. Y. reporter Hanlon, clever amateur detective, to scene and ultimate triumph.	Cleverly contrived crimes, much interesting data on habits and habitats of Cal. Chinese, tattooing, etc., and surprising conclusion.	Good
DEATH CASTS A LURE *Madeleine Johnston* (Crime Club: $2.)	Noah Bradshaw, on vacation in "quiet" Canadian fishing camp, runs into clandestine love affairs and countless killings.	Amorous activities of guests, owners, and help at camp add zest to tale of vengeance murders with melodramatic payoff.	Lurid
THE WEEK-END MURDERS *A. A. Archer* (Phoenix: $2.)	District Attorney warned that several Wasota citizens will die violently. They do. "Squiller" McGee solves the holocaust.	Run-of-mill plot enlivened by personality and pranks of pudgy detective. Runs strongly at finish—but too late.	Fair

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

GRADUALLY fulfilling his pledges, Old Q. prints this week the long-promised picture of his family tree (*Quercus Giganticus*). ☞The umbrageophile figure is Old Q. himself, æstivating. ☞The picture was taken by Professor Ralph Sargent of Knox College, shortly before the September hurricane, which blew away some of Q.'s whiskers. ☞Whether it damaged the tree we have been too busy writing copy to ascertain, as this noble growth (probably the biggest vegetable in the East) is way out in the terminal

moraines of L. I. ☞At this season we usually recapitulate some of the pleasanter events of the year. ☞For instance, a new volume of poems by Walter de la Mare (*Memory & Other Poems*, Henry Holt, $2), a gift for the sensitive. ☞The astonishment, even embarrassment, of college profs by the huge revival of interest in Shakespeare as good fun and good Box Office. ☞As an eccentric friend of ours used to say, It is now possible to go swimming in Shakespeare without a bathing suit. ☞The immortal cry of Caesar, maitre d'hotel at the Plaza, when we reproached him for a somewhat meagre portion of a Scotch fluid. So, as the waiter was pouring the second snort, Caesar said to him *Soyez gentil avec*. ☞Of that we shall some day make balladry. ☞The Eastern Book Co., 254 W. 31, offers Riesenberg & Hall's *Early Steamships* (Currier & Ives reprints) for only 98c. Or five volumes of Ring Lardner for $2.95. ☞Columbia University Press has issued a 16-page supplement to the *Columbia Encyclopædia*, uniform in size and type, bound with a gummed tape for easy and permanent insertion at the end of the volume. ☞The Supplement itself would make an interesting Xmas card for anyone who wishes to observe how fast things are moving. ☞We always liked Sherlock Holmes's idea of compiling his own Encyclopædia. It is the perfect occupation for the slackening years. ☞There is probably no other weapon that does as little harm as a pair of scissors.

☞The most ingenious appeal for employment that has reached this desk is the *Personnel News-Record*, a miniature single-issue newspaper put out by young George Pfeiffer (24) of 6909 Irving Ave., Merchantville, N. J. It is complete with news stories, social notes, editorial, advertising, letters to the editor, etc., all bearing on Mr. Pfeiffer's desire to get a job in the publishing business. ☞If we had a job to offer we'd give it to him pronto: he has humor and ideas. ☞The Franklin Bookshop, 107 South 12, Philadelphia, has issued its Catalogue number 1. It offers some tempting modern Firsts at $2 each. ☞For the science-minded, the portraits of Famous Mathematicians, $3 each from *Scripta Mathematica*, 610 West 139. ☞The only time we have laughed really loud since Income Tax Day was while reading *Oscar Wilde* (a play by L. and S. Stokes) published by Random House. ☞The League to Support Poetry, 320 West 18, has some lively ideas about encouraging good verse. ☞It says "Poetry is the least remunerative of the professions." We are not sure whether poetry is a profession at all. ☞It is a form (yes, it *must* have form) of spiritual excitement for which there can be no stable rate of exchange. ☞It is an attempt to condense subconscious silence into superconscious speech. ☞There is either too much of it or too little. ☞It can never be organized. ☞But we are using up space. ☞Louis Bromfield, Carl Van Doren, Ogden Nash, and Ruth McKenney will be the speakers at the next Book and Author Luncheon on Tuesday, December 13th, at 12:30 at the Hotel Astor. ☞Lewis Gannett will be chairman and will tell which of the recent books make good Christmas gifts. ☞Tickets, at $2.25, are on sale at bookstores in New York and nearby.

☞A book of great value in its special field is *The International Protection of Literature and Artistic Property*, by Stephen P. Ladas (2 vols., $8.50, Macmillan). This covers every phase of copyright law (in all countries) and deals with the interesting problems of Adaptations, Translations, Plagiarisms, Borrowings, Broadcasting, Television, "Indirect Appropriations," etc. Every publisher would be glad to find these volumes, one in each stocking, at his hopeful Yule. ☞Walter M. Hill, 25 East Washington St., Chicago, is issuing a series of four catalogues of Americana. He says "I wish I might keep all these books for 50 years. This being impossible, let me hope some readers will give their descendants the pleasure of an heirloom that proved Grandpa's judgment." ☞On a day in 1922 a bookseller downtown offered us a copy of the first edition of De Quincey's *Opium Eater* for $50, and we thought the price was high. We see in the latest catalogue of James F. Drake, Inc., that it is now valued at $750. ☞If you are just a little bit protuitive about books they certainly are the fruitiest kind of investment.

☞ *Last week, in the SRL feature editorial, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY said:*

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(453 pages, one map, three illustrations, footnote bibliographies.)

$5

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The New Books

(Continued from page 20)

of persecution, he spent a good while with the Coptic monks and journeyed like a true pilgrim from one to another of their desolate habitations. The temple of Jupiter Ammon, which had inspired Alexander, held him speculative upon the power of the remnant stones which had once swerved history. He climbed to the Monastery of Mount Sinai, Justinian's fortress in the shadow of the Burning Bush, and rested there for a time, before moving homeward through the more usual beauties of sacred Rome.

This new book is rich in religio-historical material of which most of us are ignorant; the dramatic lives of lesser saints — St. Bacchus, for instance — the dramas of persecution and the rituals of monastic practice that have remained unchanged for some fourteen centuries. But there is no pietism to it; Mr. Morton is a worldly guide to the spiritual past.

H. D.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old-time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet. Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS: RUGGLES FOUNDATION, 262 South Prospect Street, Burlington, Vermont, Near University of Vermont, overlooking Lake Champlain, the Green and Adirondack Mountains. Residence for Retired Women Teachers of refinement. All comfort of modern homes. Permanent residents preferred. Endowment makes moderate rates possible. References required. Further information furnished on request.

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"DON'T SNORE," simple device for snorers and mouth-breathers, $1.00. Satisfaction or refund. S. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

INFORMATION PLEASE? Which New York City hotel appeals to literary people because it is near riding trails and ponds and trees; away from traffic's jangling tangle; yet only across the street from the Hayden Planetarium, two minutes from the American Museum of Natural History, and fifteen each from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the New York Public Library in the heart of town? The answer is the Hotel Standish Hall, situated just off Central Park at 45 West 81st Street. Several rooms cost no more than one at many midtown caravansaries. Newly furnished and decorated 1 room apartment and suites—parlor, bedroom, bath—from $75 to $190 a month. Rate by the day or week as well. Kitchens in the suites have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. (Caution: Make 1939 World's Fair reservations early.) Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing. Harry A. Day, Manager.

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PERSONALS

ADDIE THE LONE ONE died in 1805. Poor Addie didn't know about the personal columns of the SRL, so her epitaph is one of the many in that heart-rending book of New England tombstone sentiments, **Granite Laughter and Marble Tears.** Designed to catch the eye and bring tears to it, 'twill look elegant on the parlor table. $2.00. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.

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CAPT. JONES' LEG rests in peace in the Washington, N. H. cemetery, but where is the rest of him? For the answer read **Granite Laughter and Marble Tears,** that subtle collection of grave New England humor which we'll thank you not to call quaint. $2.00. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt.

PRADE RANCH, 10,000 acres in Frio Canyon, offers an unusual winter vacation, gay, sunny days, scenic mountain trails, splendid accommodations. Leakey, Texas.

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WE ANNOUNCE — Arthur Davison Ficke's **Selected Poems** including **Sonnets of a Portrait Painter** (long out-of-print) is now available in a new edition limited to 500 copies of which 300 are for sale at $2.00. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St., New York City. BRyant 9-5666.

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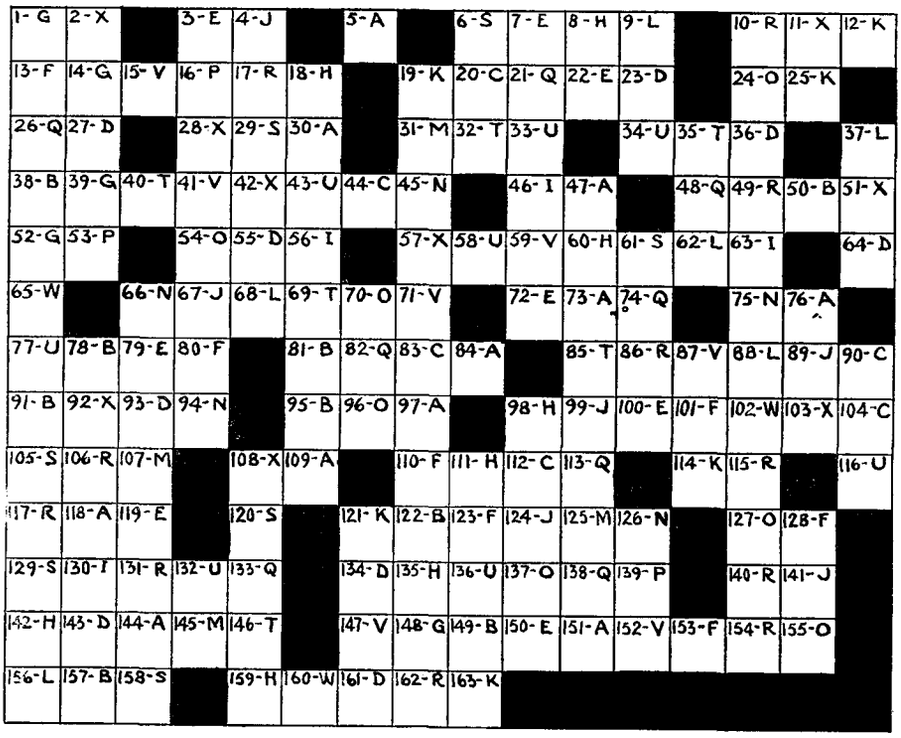
Double-Crostics: No. 246

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vain boasting.	151 76 30 109 84 47 73 118 5 97 144
B. To inspire with foolish passion.	122 38 81 95 91 50 78 149 157
C. Irascibility.	90 20 83 112 104 44
D. Robin Goodfellow.	143 36 161 23 93 64 134 55 27
E. Point of a planet's orbit farthest from sun.	72 100 119 150 79 3 7 22
F. A questionable profit (comp.).	123 13 80 101 153 110 128
G. Purport (n.).	39 52 1 148 14
H. Surfeits.	18 135 142 60 111 159 98 8
I. To tumble about.	46 130 56 63
J. To cut out.	67 99 4 89 124 141
K. Not native.	163 12 25 19 114 121
L. Not visible or apparent.	88 68 9 37 62 156
M. Second encampment of the Israelites after the Red Sea.	107 125 145 31
N. Small coastal birds of gull family.	75 126 66 94 45
O. A kind of bobbin lace made in England.	54 70 96 137 24 127 155
P. The Greek Aurora.	53 16 139
Q. Romantic lady proverbial for patience.	133 82 21 48 138 113 74 26
R. Clear, plain.	131 115 86 49 17 117 10 154 106 140 162
S. Deviation from the common rule.	120 105 61 6 158 29 129
T. More reckless.	85 32 69 35 40 146
U. Business district in a city.	136 43 116 33 77 58 34 132
V. Daughter of a King of Spain.	15 152 87 41 71 59 147
W. Burns' birthplace.	160 65 102
X. Apprenticeship.	57 28 42 92 2 103 51 108 11

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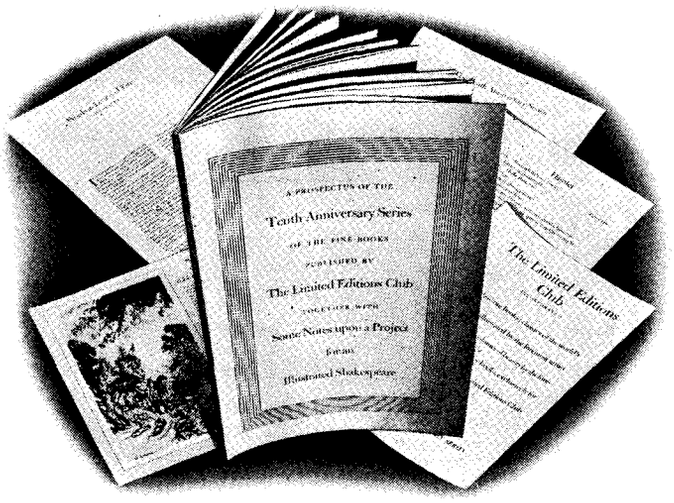

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